

VOL. 9 N°1

JUNE



# BLUE BOLT

10¢

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DICK COLE!  
52 PAGES OF  
ACTION!



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

"What's happened to 'Blue Bolt, The American'?" That's what one of our readers asked, and that's what we want to know too.

This comic book was called, BLUE BOLT to bear the name of its most popular character. Now "Blue Bolt" no longer rates even third in popularity among our readers. We'd like to know why, and you can help us.

How do you like "Blue Bolt, The American"? Would you like him changed in some particular manner? Aren't his adventures exciting enough? Would you prefer him to be a detective? Or would you rather he had more super-human powers?

All our heroes should be tops. We feel we're letting you down if they aren't.

Think about this. Be our doctor. What's your remedy for Blue Bolt and Snap?

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your January issue of BLUE BOLT comics and enjoyed every word of it. "Dick Cole" is tops with me because he is a real sportsman and I am interested in the kind of sports which he plays. "Edison Bell" is second because he is more of my type of a boy.

"Sergeant Spook" is completely out. The things he does are impossible. I wish you would put an extra story of "Dick Cole" in the next issue. I am sure many others would like you to do the same.

Sincerely yours,  
Gerald Dove  
Fieldale, Va.

\*\*\*\*\*

I have just discovered that the editors of BLUE BOLT comics also edit TARGET COMICS. That is the most logical explanation for my refusing to choose between the two. Also, whenever I go to the newsstands, your two are the very first magazines I pick out.

I also enjoy the "Question and Answers." Once when I was having exams in school, I was able to answer a question because of your magazine.

The only fault I can find with these magazines is that they are not published often enough.

Truly yours,  
Nuala Keary  
Indianapolis, Ind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editors:

After reading Volume 8, Number 7, which is the December issue, I'll give you my thoughts about BLUE BOLT comics.

- a. The cover is perfect. I wish you would sometimes put "Sergeant Spook" on the cover.
- b. "Dick Cole" has improved very much.
- c. "Rick Richards" is perfect; in fact, it's my favorite story next to "Sergeant Spook."
- d. "Edison Bell" is a wonderful story, but why don't we see his girl friend help him with some invention? Or Jerry and his girl help to make an invention? Girls can invent too, can't they?
- e. "Fearless Fellers" are okay, only they eat too much sweet food. Don't they ever get decayed teeth?
- f. "fleathcliff the Hobo" by Art Helfant is swell.
- g. "Sergeant Spook" is perfect. Perfect drawings and printing. My favorite!
- h. I also like your short stories.
- i. What happened to "Blue Bolt"? He used to be my favorite. Something is missing.
- j. "Blue Bolts and Nuts" are swell.
- k. Your "Questions and Answers" also help us in school.

A faithful reader,  
Peggy Joyce Lawson  
Los Angeles, Calif.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January issue of BLUE BOLT comics and I personally think it is the best comic on the book stands.

I like the new way you have put your "Q's and A's." This keeps down a lot of confusion by having to turn the book upside down to find the A's.

I like most of all "Dick Cole" and then "Edison Bell." The rest are O.K., but these two are the ones I like best of all.

I have never seen a comic that expresses sportsmanship between young people better than BLUE BOLT comics. I think this is especially true in the story of Dick.

I wholeheartedly thank you for publishing such a well-organized comic book and I know you couldn't find a better comic.

Sincerely yours,  
Lindel Martin  
Madison, Ill.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion BLUE BOLT is one of the best if not the best comic. Some people say they would like "Blue Bolt" in his original blue costume but I like him just the way he is. "Dick Cole" has always been and probably will remain to be in my opinion, the most exciting, best drawn, comic strip in BLUE BOLT comics. "Edison Bell" is second best but I don't think his inventions are very well planned. The "Fearless Fellers" adventures are swell but I think the drawing could be better. "Rick Richards" and "Sergeant Spook" should be left out completely.

The "Readers Write" should be on the back cover and on the front cover. I have about five BLUE BOLT comics and of them all I like the December cover. Well, that about completes my opinion of your magazine and I think that other BLUE BOLT readers like your magazine as well as I do.

Duane Patterson  
Utica, Pa.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# BLUE BOLT

WHILE ROD COLE ROOTS STRENUOUSLY FOR HIS BROTHER, DICK, TO BLAST A GRAND-SLAM HOMER IN FARR MILITARY ACADEMY'S CRUCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE AGAINST HOLDEN MILITARY ACADEMY, HE DOES A BIT OF SLAMMING ON HIS OWN!



WITH LAURA BRADLY AND HER OLD UNCLE BEN, YOUNG ROD COLE EAGERLY AWAITES THE OPENING PITCH OF THE BIG GAME.

I BET YOU'RE HAPPY TO SEE YOUR BROTHER PITCH, EH, ROD?

YOU BET! BUT I'D LIKE EVEN MORE TO SEE A HOMER WITH THE BASES LOADED!

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Advisor

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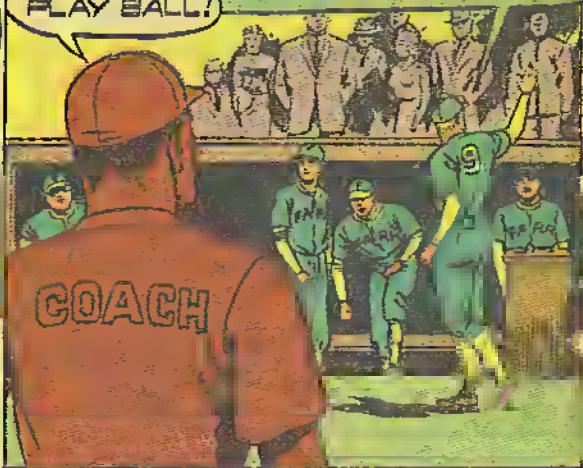
DICK, IN THE DUGOUT BELOW, OVERHEARS.

HAVE A HEART,  
ROD. GRAND-SLAM  
HOVERS ARE AS  
RARE AS HEN'S  
TEETH.

YOU TAKE CARE  
OF THE PITCHING,  
COLE. THE REST  
OF THE TEAM WILL  
DO THE HITTING!

TAKE THE  
FIELD, MEN.  
TIME TO  
PLAY BALL!

WISH ME LUCK, ROD!  
I'LL TRY TO MAKE  
YOUR VISIT A SUCCESS!



"JOLLY" ROGERS, THE BIG CENTERVIEW  
GAMBLER, AND TWO OF HIS MEN  
TAKE SEATS IN FRONT OF ROD.

HA, HA! IT'LL BE GREAT FUN TO  
SEE FARR LOSE! HEE-HEE!  
DICK COLE WILL LOOK LIKE  
A SAP!



THE GAME STARTS. DICK'S FIRST  
PITCH CUTS THE INSIDE CORNER.

WOW! THAT WAS SO FAST I  
HARDLY SAW IT! LUCKY ME!



The next issue of this magazine will go on sale

May 12

— Don't miss it.

THE UMPIRE CONTINUES TO CALL DICK'S WELL-PLACED PITCHES "BALLS." HOLDEN'S LEAD-OFF MAN IS WALKED AND ALSO THE NEXT BATTER.



THIS UMP FROM THE PRO LEAGUE IS MURDERING US! YOU'RE PITCHING STRIKES, DICK!

WHIFFLE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST UMPIRE IN THE BIG CITY LEAGUE. I DON'T GET IT, SIMBA!

I'LL HAVE TO GROOVE 'EM RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE, SIMBA. EVEN WHIFFLE CAN'T CALL THOSE PITCHES WILD!

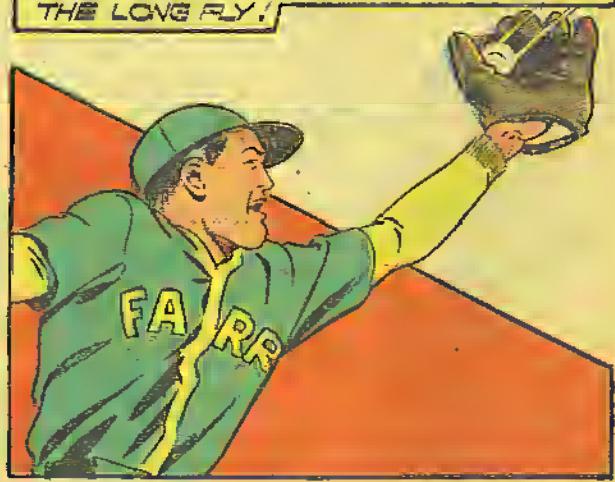


DICK SPLITS THE PLATE WITH HIS NEXT PITCH, AND DALE JACK PUTS THE GOOD WOOD ON IT!

ON YOUR HORSE, HALL! YOU'LL HAVE TO GALLOP FOR THAT ONE!



RACING AT TOP SPEED, CENTER FIELDER BARK HALL PULLS DOWN THE LONG FLY!



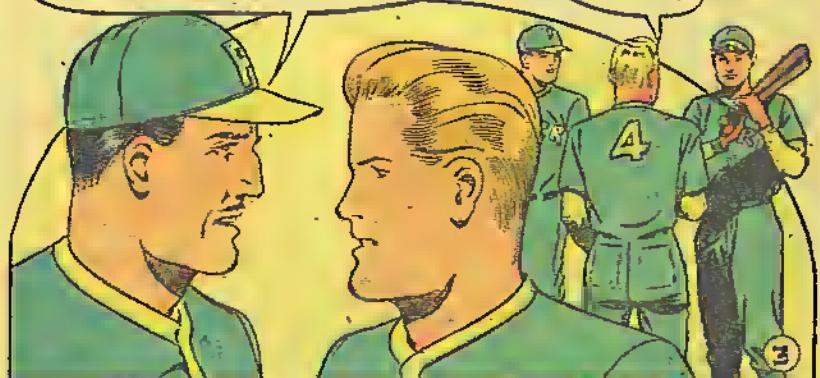
A TRIPLE BY THE CLEAN-UP MAN DRIVES TWO RUNS OVER FOR HOLDEN, BUT A POP-UP AND A CIRCUS CATCH BY SLIP'RY AT SHORTSTOP END THE HOLDEN SCORING.



AS DICK COMES OFF THE MOUND, COACH BRADLY STOPS HIM.

TOUGH LUCK, DICK, BUT IF WHIFFLE CALLS 'EM THE SAME FOR US, WE'LL GET THOSE TWO RUNS BACK.

LEAD OFF, SLIP'RY. GET HOLD OF ONE!



Q No. 1. Who was the founder of our national sport, baseball?

SLIP'RY LEADS OFF FOR FARR.

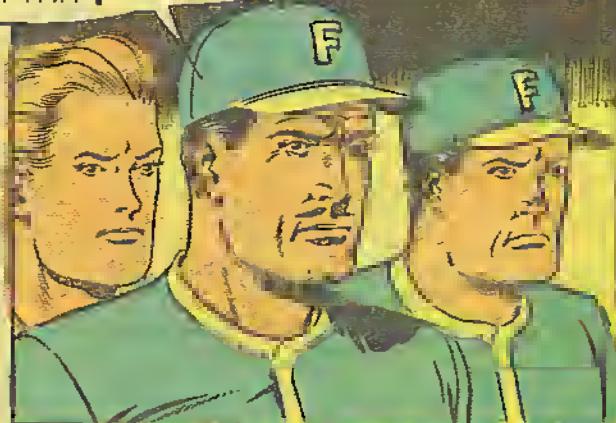
STR-R-RIKE  
ONE!

HMPH! YOU'LL ALL STRIKE  
OUT IF THAT ROBBER HAS HIS  
OWN WAY. BETTER SWING ON  
THE BAD ONES. YOU MAY  
GET A HIT!

STE-R-RIKE  
THREE!  
YER OUT!



WOW!  
HE'S  
CALLIN'  
EM JUST  
THE  
OPPOSITE  
AGAINST US!



NATURALLY  
IT IS HARD TO  
MEET THE BALL  
SQUARELY WHILE  
LUNGING AT A WILD  
PITCH.

AFTER SEVERAL  
INNINGS OF UNFAIR  
TREATMENT, THE  
TEMPERS OF THE  
FARR TEAM WEAR  
THIN!

WHAT'S  
THE IDEA,  
WHIFFLE?  
GIVE US A  
BREAK!

QUIET! I'LL  
THROW YOU  
OUT OF THE  
GAME!

ROBBER!



MAJOR FARR COVES DOWN  
FROM HIS BOX.

'TENSHUN!  
REMEMBER, FARR  
MEN ARE SPORTSMEN!  
TAKE WHAT COMES  
WITHOUT GRIPING!

ALL RIGHT!  
PLAY  
BALL,  
MEN!

MEANWHILE, ROD OVERHEARS SNATCHES  
OF INTERESTING CONVERSATION FROM THE  
BOX JUST BELOW HIM!

WE'LL MAKE  
PLENTY...  
OR MY NAME  
AIN'T JOLLY...  
FARR WOULD  
BE SURPRISED..  
...HA, HA, HA!  
AMAZED IF  
THEY ONLY  
KNEW....

KNOW WHAT? I GOTTA  
HEAR IT ALL!

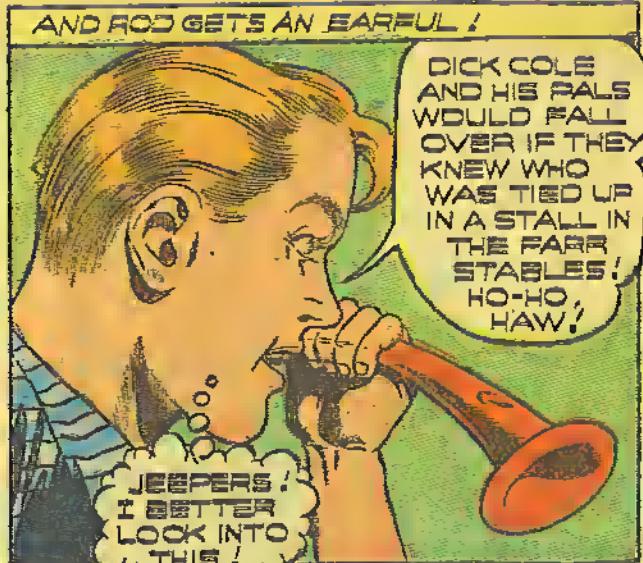
LEND ME YOUR EAR  
TRUMPET, UNCLE BEN!





ROD RUSHES FROM THE BOX!

WHAT ON...? ROD COLE, COME BACK THIS INSTANT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH UNCLE BEN'S EAR TRUMPET?



DIDJA HEAR THAT,  
FITZ? "ROD COLE",  
SHE SEZ! PROBABLY  
DICK COLE'S BROTHER  
IN THE NEXT BOX...  
EAVESDROPPING!

YEAH! AND THERE HE GOES! DON'T WORRY,  
BOSS, I'LL TAIL HIM!

ROD RACES TO THE STABLES, AND SEARCHES THE STALLS. FINALLY...

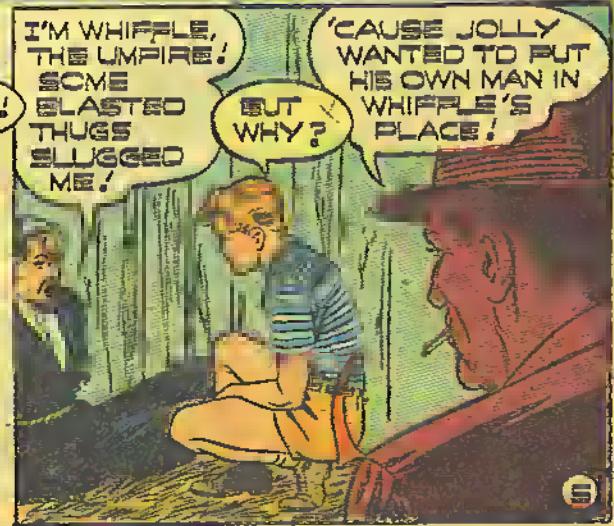
GOLLY! WHO ARE YOU?  
I'LL REMOVE YOUR GAG!

MRP-MMMMP!



'CAUSE JOLLY  
WANTED TO PUT  
HIS OWN MAN IN  
WHIFFLE'S  
PLACE!

BUT  
WHY?



Q No. 2 What angel is associated with a trumpet or horn?

**B**EFOR ROD CAN MOVE, JOLLY POGER'S MAN, FITZ, TIES HIS ARMS TO HIS SIDES. THEN...

JOLLY WANTED TO BE SURE THAT HE WON ALL HIS BETS ON HOLDEN ... AND HE'S GOT A FEW SCORES TO SETTLE WITH MR. DICK COLE, TOO!



I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE AND WARN FARR OR THEY'LL LOSE THE CHAMPIONSHIP! I'M SURE I CAN'T GET MY ARMS FREE, BUT MAYBE I CAN DISLODGE THE EAR TRUMPET FROM MY BELT!



**A**FTER MUCH SQUIRMING, ROD FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN DISLODGING THE TRUMPET.

THIS GAS'S TIGHT, BUT IF I MAKE FACES LONG ENOUGH MAYBE I CAN WORK IT OFF!



WITH BOTH OF YOU GAGGED AND BOUND, YOU'LL STAY PUT TILL THE GAME'S OVER! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE OUTCOME. HOLDEN CAN'T LOSE. SO LONG!

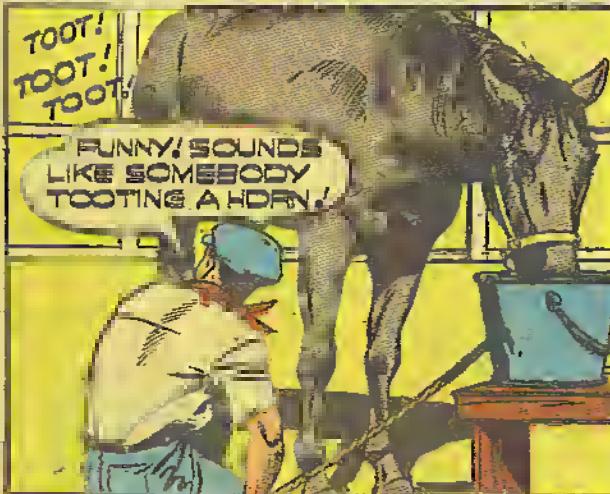


PRECIOUS MINUTES PASS AS ROD STRUGGLES, BUT AT LAST ...

AH! MY MOUTH IS FREE AT LAST! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY MAKE A LOUD NOISE ON THE TRUMPET!



**O**UTSIDE THE STABLES, A GROOM HEARS THE SOUNDS...



FUNNY! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY TOOTING A HORN!

...AND INVESTIGATES.



MEANWHILE, FARR IS LOSING 4-0 IN THE NINTH INNING. ALTHOUGH DICK'S SUPERB PITCHING HAS PUT TWO MEN OUT, TWO HOLDEN PLAYERS ARE ON BASE, AND THERE ARE THREE BALLS ON THE BATTER.

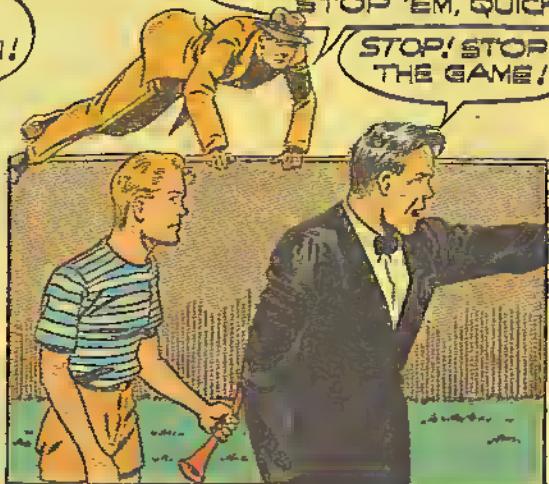


I WONDER WHERE ROD WENT? I HOPE HE DOESN'T THINK I'VE LET HIM DOWN!



SUDDENLY... ULP! THEY GOT LOOSE! I'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM, QUICK!

STOP! STOP THE GAME!



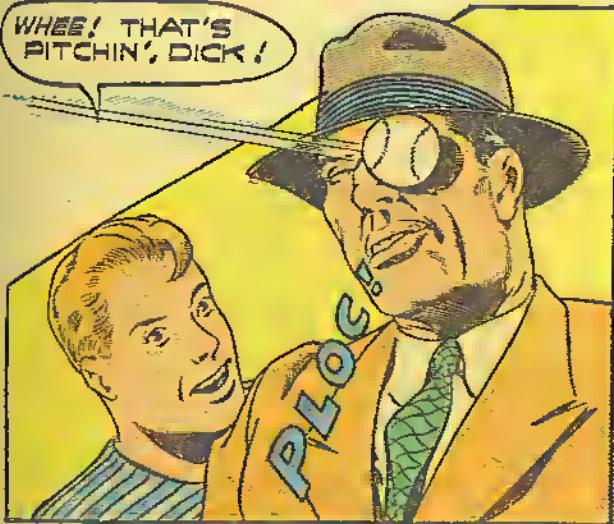
IF YOU TWO WANNA STAY HEALTHY, SCRAM QUICK!

OUCH! YOU'RE BREAKING MY NECK!

MY ELBOW!



WHEE! THAT'S PITCHIN', DICK!



DICK SEES THE SCUFFLE, STEPS OFF THE MOUND, TAKES CAREFUL AIM, AND...



OFFICER, ARREST THAT IMPOSTER! I AM WHIFFLE, THE REAL UMPIRE!

WOHA! JUST A MINUTE, CHUM!

Q No. 3. Who is the present high commissioner of baseball?

THE POLICEMAN MARCHES THE FAKE UMPIRE AWAY.

IT'S NICE TO HAVE A REAL UMP, BUT IT'S A LITTLE LATE. THE BASES ARE LOADED AND HOLDEN'S BEST HITTER IS UP!

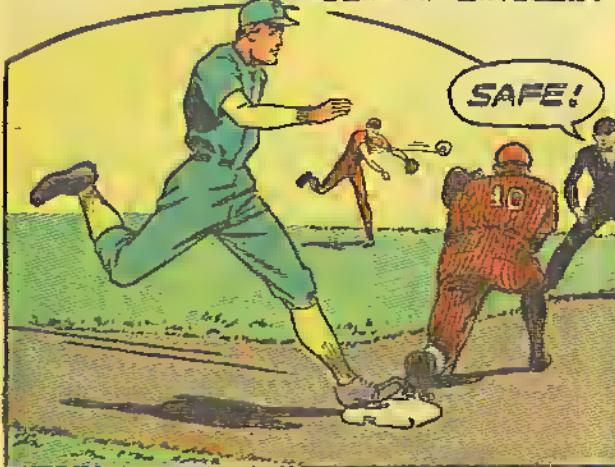


DICK BLAZES HIS FAST BALL AT THE CORNERS!

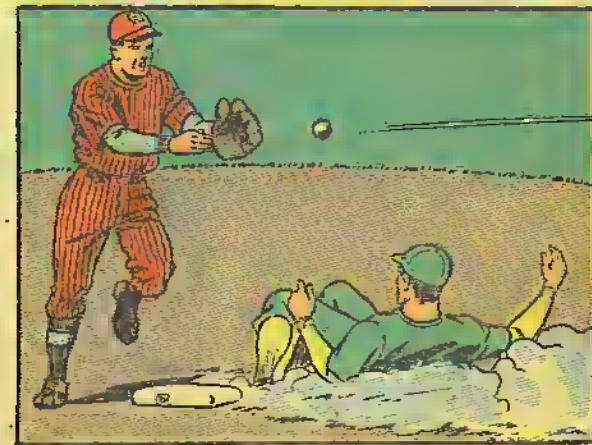
STRIKE THREE!  
YOU'RE OUT!



NOW ABLE TO WAIT FOR THE "FAT" PITCHES, FARR STRIKES BACK!  
SLIP'RY SINGLES.



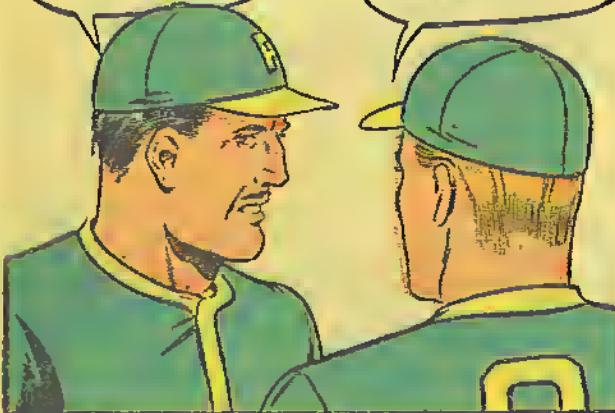
BARK HALL'S LONG DOUBLE OFF THE FENCE SCORES SLIP'RY AS BARK SLIDES INTO SECOND SAFELY HOLDEN 4 - FARR 1.



SIMBA KARNO'S SINGLE AND TED TODLEY'S WALK LOAD THE BASES.

DICK! IT'S UP TO YOU!

I'LL DO MY BEST, COACH.



GOOD LUCK,  
DICK!

SOCK IT,  
DICK!

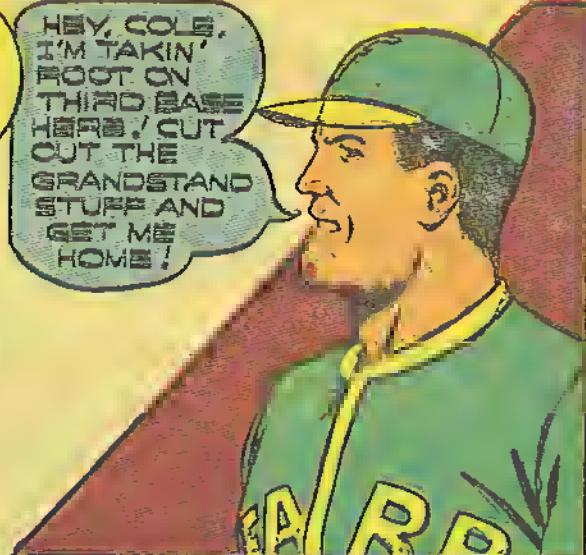


©

YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH, ROO! WATCH THE FIRST PITCH SAIL OVER THE CENTER-FIELD FENCE!

HUH! BABE RUTH ONCE CALLED HIS SHOT IN A WORLD SERIES, BUT YOU AIN'T BABE RUTH!

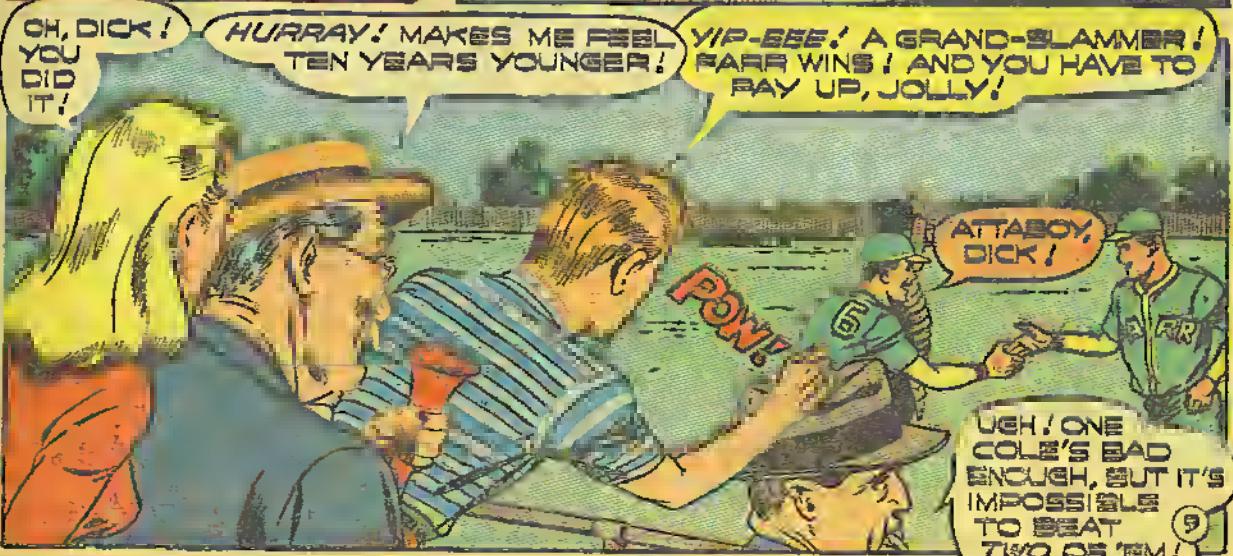
HEY, COLE. I'M TAKIN' ROOT ON THIRD BASE HERB! CUT OUT THE GRANDSTAND STUFF AND GET ME HOME!



RIGHT ON THE NOSE! THAT ONE IS FOR YOU, ROO!



HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? THERE SHE GOES OVER THE FENCE FOR A HOMER... RIGHT WHERE COLE PREDICTED! WOW!



OH, DICK! YOU DID IT!

HURRAY! MAKES ME FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER!

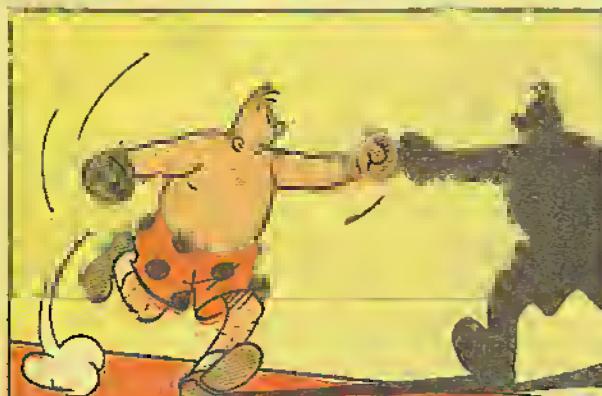
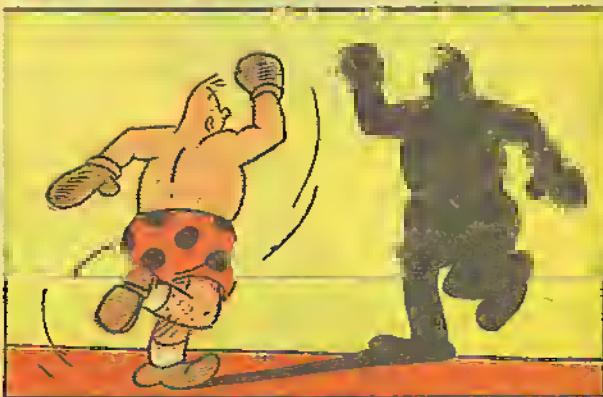
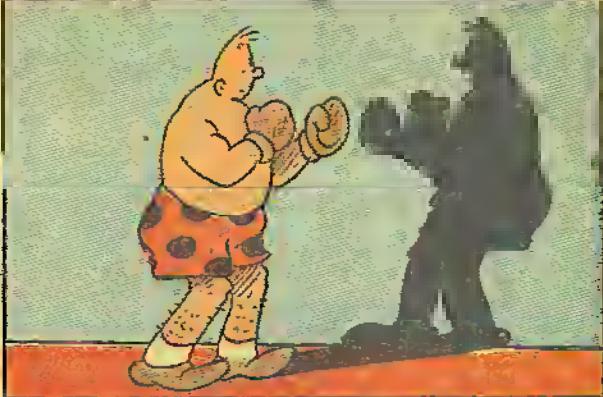
YIP-SEE! A GRAND-SLAMMER! FARR WINS! AND YOU HAVE TO PAY UP, JOLLY!

ATTABOY, DICK!

UH! ONE COLE'S BAD ENOUGH, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BEAT TWO OF 'EM!

# TWO-TON Ó'TOOLE

SHADOW BOXING.



G'WAN - HOW COULD YOUR  
UNCLE SHOOT A LION IN  
THE HEAD AND FOOT  
WITH JUST ONE  
BULLET??

EASY, HECTOR!  
THE LION WAS  
SCRATCHING HIS  
HEAD!!

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SURE I CAN  
READ YOUR  
FACE - IT'S  
SIMPLE!!

SO YOU'RE A  
PINCH HITTER,  
'HUUH?'  
YEAH! WHEN  
ANYONE  
PINCHES ME,  
I HIT 'EM!!



MILT HAMMER

# Edison Bell



WE'D BETTER BE  
GETTING STARTED,  
JERRY! IT'LL BE  
DARK BEFORE  
LONG!

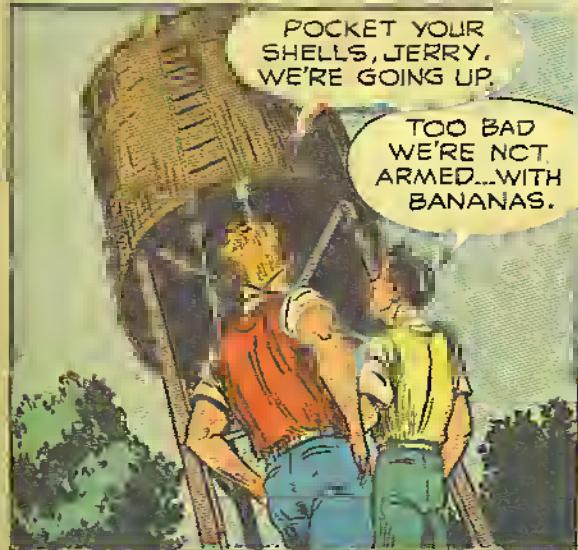
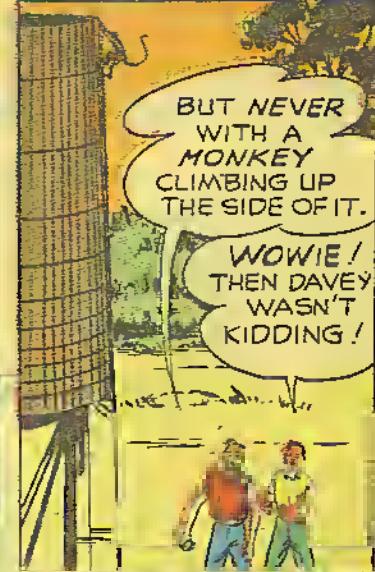
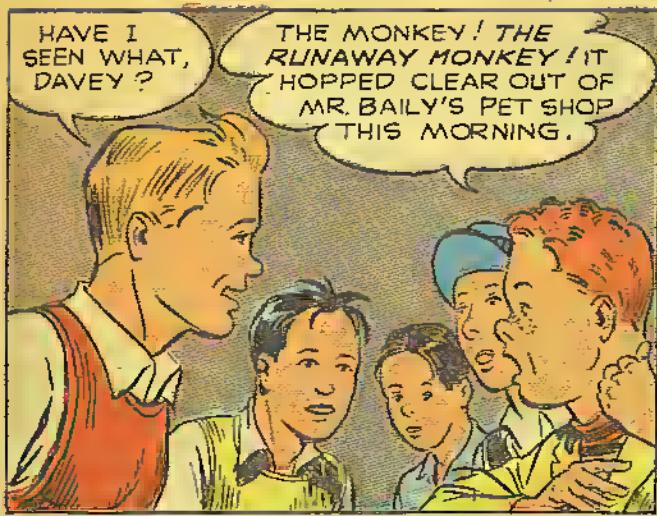
RIGHT! JUST  
LET ME FINISH  
WEEDING OUT  
THESE SMALLER  
SHELLS.

BOY, THESE  
SHELLS WILL  
MAKE SWELL  
SPECIMENS FOR  
OUR BIOLOGY  
CLASS.

UH-HUH.  
HOLD IT,  
JERRY. LOOK  
WHO'S HEADING  
THIS WAY!

YOU MEAN WHO ISN'T  
COMING? IT LOOKS  
LIKE A MINIATURE  
CONVENTION.

HI,  
EDISON.  
HAVE YOU  
SEEN ANY  
SIGNS OF IT?



Q No. 4. What word means the artificial watering of land? See picture 4.



**A**CTUALLY, THE SITUATION IS GROWING SERIOUS....



C-CAN YOU PULL ME UP?

I'M TRYING TO BUT-BUT...  
I'M GOING OVER!



WHEW, THAT WATER IS SINKING LOWER EVERY SECOND. WE CAN'T REACH THE RIM NOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO TREAD WATER UNTIL THE TANK EMPTIES ITSELF ENOUGH SO WE CAN STAND ON THE BOTTOM.



**B**UT THERE'S SLIM HOPE OF THAT, EDISON, FOR OUTSIDE THE TANK.....

'BOUT TIME I GOT HOME FOR CHOW. I'LL JUST TURN THE TANK OFF UNTIL TOMORROW.



THE FARMER, COMPLETING HIS CHORES, HEADS FOR HIS DISTANT HOUSE..

JERRY, THE WATER STOPPED RECEDING.

CAN'T KEEP TREADING WATER FOREVER.

WAIT...THAT RELEASE VALVE! IF IT OPENS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TANK, IT MUST OPEN ON THE INSIDE! I'M GOING TO DIVE FOR IT.

IT DOES OPEN. I CAN SEE WATER ESCAPING. BUT... CAN'T... HOLD... BREATH....

D-DID IT GO DOWN ANY?

UH-HUH. QUITE A FEW INCHES. NOW I'LL GO DOWN.

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BOYS STRUGGLE WITH THE VALVE AT THE TANK BOTTOM, UNTIL FINALLY....

ED! WE CAN STAND!

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG CAN WE STAND AROUND HERE SHIVERING?

THERE'S NOT MUCH USE CALLING FOR HELP, THE NEAREST FARMHOUSE IS A GOOD WAYS AWAY.

THE SEASHELLS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, EDISON.

Q No. 5. Against whom did General George Custer make his last stand?

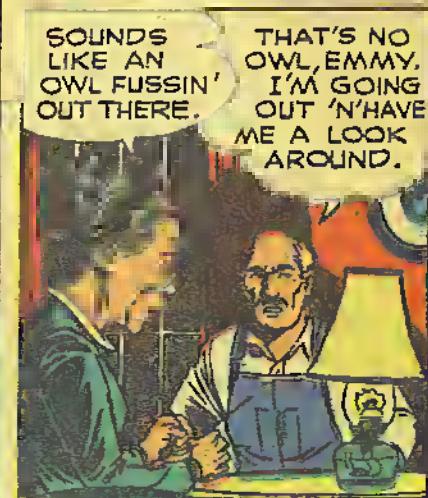
IT'S SIMPLE. FIRST YOU CUT OFF THE TIP OF THE SHELL AND THEN BORE A HOLE ABOUT HALFWAY ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE SHELL! THERE!

SAY, THAT SHELL TRUMPET SOUNDS LIKE A REGULAR FOGHORN, SOMEBODY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HEAR THAT.

AND AT THE NEAR-BY FARMHOUSE....

SOUNDS - - - - -

THAT'S NO OWL, EMMY, I'M GOING OUT THERE. OUT 'N' HAVE ME A LOOK AROUND.



BY GEORGE, IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE WATER TANK.

WOOOO-

LAND SAKES ALIVE! HOW'D YOU TWO YOUNG FELLOWS GET IN THERE?

I GUESS WE MIGHT SAY, SIR, THIS ANIMAL MADE MONKEYS OUT OF US!



IN A FEW MINUTES....

GRAB HOLD OF THIS ROPE, BOYS, AND I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY.

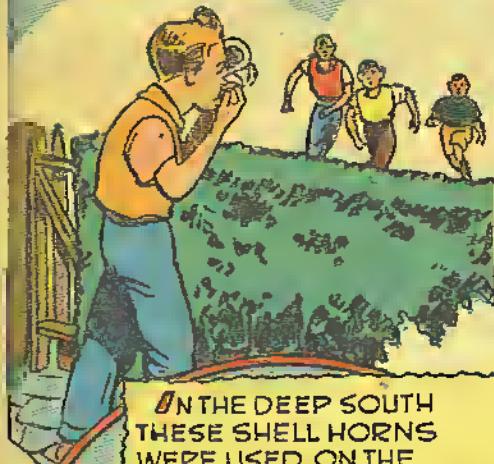
THEN WE BETTER GET WORD TO MR. BAILY ABOUT HIS PET.

THAT'S RIGHT, BAILY, THE BELL BOY AND HIS FRIEND GOT YOUR MONKEY...HMM. NICE LITTLE REWARD, YOU SAY?

THESE NICE WARM BLANKETS ARE ALL THE REWARD WE NEED RIGHT NOW, EH, JERRY?



# ANYONE CAN MAKE THIS **CONCH HORN**

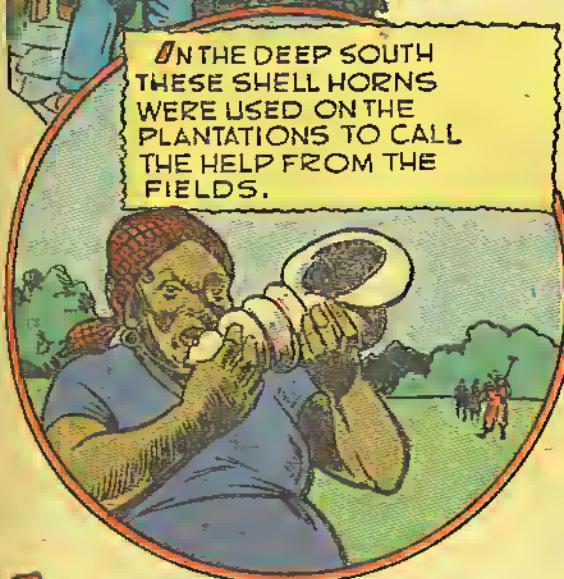


CONCH HORNS  
CAN BE USED  
IN MANY WAYS:  
TO CALL YOUR  
GANG TO-  
GETHER,  
AS A WARNING  
HORN WHEN  
YOU ARE OUT  
ON YOUR BIKE,  
ETC.

**FIRST, GET A CONCH SHELL  
LIKE THIS:**



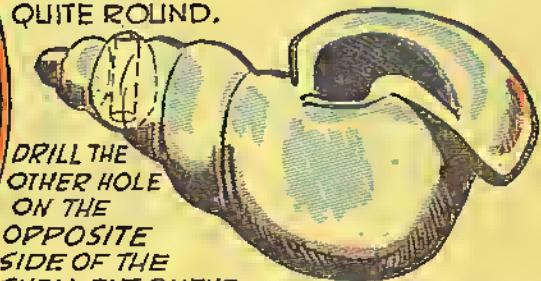
IT MUST BE  
AT LEAST  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  INCHES LONG.



ON THE DEEP SOUTH  
THESE SHELL HORNS  
WERE USED ON THE  
PLANTATIONS TO CALL  
THE HELP FROM THE  
FIELDS.

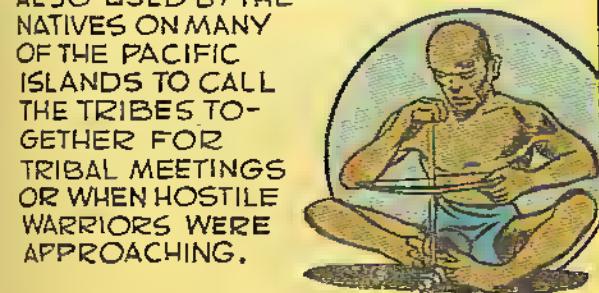
**TWO,**

HOLES MUST BE DRILLED: ONE TO BLOW  
THROUGH, LOCATED ON TOP OF THE SHELL  
ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY FROM THE  
LIP OPENING. MAKE IT  $\frac{3}{4}$ " IN DIAMETER BUT NOT  
QUITE ROUND.



DRILL THE  
OTHER HOLE  
ON THE  
OPPOSITE  
SIDE OF THE  
SHELL BUT ON THE  
SAME WHIRL. MAKE IT ABOUT  $\frac{3}{8}$ " IN DIAMETER.

THEY WERE  
ALSO USED BY THE  
NATIVES ON MANY  
OF THE PACIFIC  
ISLANDS TO CALL  
THE TRIBES TO-  
GETHER FOR  
TRIBAL MEETINGS  
OR WHEN HOSTILE  
WARRIOR WERE  
APPROACHING.

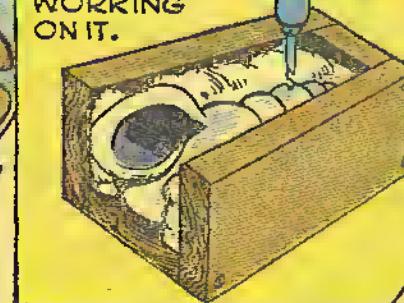


NATIVE METHOD  
OF DRILLING  
THE SHELL.

MAKE A JIG  
OR HOLDER  
TO KEEP THE  
SHELL FROM  
SLIPPING  
WHILE YOU ARE  
WORKING  
ON IT.



PACK COTTON  
AROUND THE  
SHELL.



THAT'S  
ALL THERE  
IS TO IT—  
NOW, PUT IT TO  
YOUR LIPS  
AND BLOW.



IT WAS dark in the freight yard, but Jimmy Fargo had been hiding in the shadows for a long while and his eyes were used to the blackness. The engine snorted and puffed and strained forward. The loose couplings tightened, clanked all down the line of the cars as the long freight moved slowly forward.

Jimmy strained his eyes, focusing them on the underslung rods between the front and rear wheels of each car. He thought hopefully that he might see Tom riding the rails out of Bridgeton. Then he saw him and he ran from his hiding place.

"Tom," he shouted, "don't go!"

When Jimmy reached his brother the train already was picking up speed and was reaching the network of tracks leading to the roadbed of the main line. Jimmy sprang forward and grabbed Tom by the coat.

"Let go!" the elder brother snarled. "Let go, you little fool!"

But Jimmy hung on while Tom clung to the rods. The momentum of the train yanked him stumbling over the rails. He fell forward. Tom looked back and saw Jimmy trip, land across the

rail as the rear wheel of the train rolled toward him. Tom Fargo dropped from the rods to the ground and grabbed Jimmy, dragged him clear of the tracks.

The elder brother hauled Jimmy to his feet and pressed his face close to the kid's.

"I could lace you up right here!" Tom said blackly. His face was taut and strained and nerves raw.

Jimmy's chin trembled, but he did not answer. From the corner of his eye he saw the last car of the freight pass them and he dared not bring his brother's attention to it.

At last he said: "You gotta come back, Tom. You can't run out of Bridgeton tonight."

Tom looked after the fading lights of the caboose and shook his head.

"That's the rottenest thing anybody ever did to me and it had to be you, my own brother."

Jimmy grinned in the night and raised his hand to Tom's arm.

"You can't run off like that, Tom. Come on back home."

Tom started forward. "What else can I do now?"

he asked bitterly. "But there'll be a train out of this dump tomorrow night or the next or the next. Some time I'll make it."

"Yeah," Jimmy answered. "But not tonight."

Tom Fargo, his head down, walked fast across the hard cinder bed of the yard. Jimmy half ran to keep up with him.

"I know you don't like the town, Tom," he said, "but how do you know you'll like another one?"

"Anything would be better than this hole," Tom answered tersely. "Eighteen bucks a week to work ten hours a day as a grocery clerk. And then at that having Old Man Lorentz thinking he's doing *me* a favor. I tell you, Jimmy, I'm getting out of here! I'm going to the city — where the money is! Where the people mind their own business. Where they don't watch everything you do. Where they don't look to see what side of the tracks you were born on before they accept you."

Tom had slowed down now and as Jimmy caught up to him he placed a hand on the kid's shoulder.

"I don't blame you, kid. I'm sorry I spoke so rough. I'm burned up and plenty

disgusted and I'm still going to leave."

They reached the center of Bridgeton without saying much. It was nine o'clock and the town already was quiet. Store windows were dark. Only the street lamps, the neon sign in front of O'Riley's Grille and the lighted clock on the town hall separated the gloom between dusk and daylight.

Turning from Main up Birch Avenue they came upon Officers Bill Mace and Pete Hill who were walking toward them. They appeared to be merely two patrolmen leaving headquarters, each for his respective beat, but when they came up to Jimmy and Tom, each one grabbed one of Tom's arms.

"What's the idea?" Tom cried. He turned his head toward Jimmy and his eyes were blazing. "You see what you got me into now?"

"Nice going, Jimmy," Hill said. Then: "We're taking you to headquarters, Tom. Better not tug so much. You won't get away from us."

Tom stared hatefully at his brother. "You framed me for this pinch! So that's it! I should have let those car wheels go over you!"

"He doesn't mean that, Mr. Hill!" Jimmy sobbed to the cop. "You gotta believe that, Mr. Mace!"

"Of course, kid. Now let's get to headquarters."

When they reached headquarters Mr. Lorentz was there and so was Reverend Miller. Tom lowered his head, then slumped into the bench at the side of the wall. His cheeks burned and his

lips curled in a sneer. Reverend Miller came over to him.

"It was foolish to run away, Tom," he said.

Tom stared at the floor and said nothing. Reverend Miller called to Mr. Lorentz,

"Do you want to press charges?" he asked.

"No," he said. "Not yet. We haven't proved anything yet. Only I know the money for the day's business was stolen from the safe."

Tom got to his feet. He tried to speak, but his lips were dry. At first he couldn't make a sound. Finally he blurted: "You think I'd take one cent of your money?"

Suddenly Tom's shoulders sagged as the awful truth came upon him. He was in the eyes of the men in the room a criminal who had robbed his employer. And his trying to run away from Bridgeton the very night of the robbery placed the finger of guilt straight at him. He sank back into the chair and sobbed.

"Even Jimmy thinks I did it!" he cried.

Chief Miller came out of his office. He wiped his face with his handkerchief and said, "Phew, that's a relief!" Reverend Miller looked up and smiled, then placed a hand on Tom's shoulder. The chief went on: "They've picked up a couple of thugs in Eastville. They admitted they'd robbed the store. They had the dough right with them."

Tom Fargo looked up at Reverend Miller and then at Jimmy. Jimmy walked over to Tom.

"I couldn't say why I

wanted you back here," he told his brother. "You'd have run off, the way you were feeling. But we all wanted to make *sure* you weren't under any suspicion."

Tom said, "I don't catch."

Reverend Miller broke in, "You see, Tom, it looked bad for you for a little while. The money disappeared and no one, not even Jimmy, knew where you were. Jimmy said he thought he might be able to find you and went looking. So did all the rest of the force. So did the mayor. So did about everyone else in town. Not because we thought you had done it, but because we were sure you didn't."

Tom gulped and tears came into his eyes.

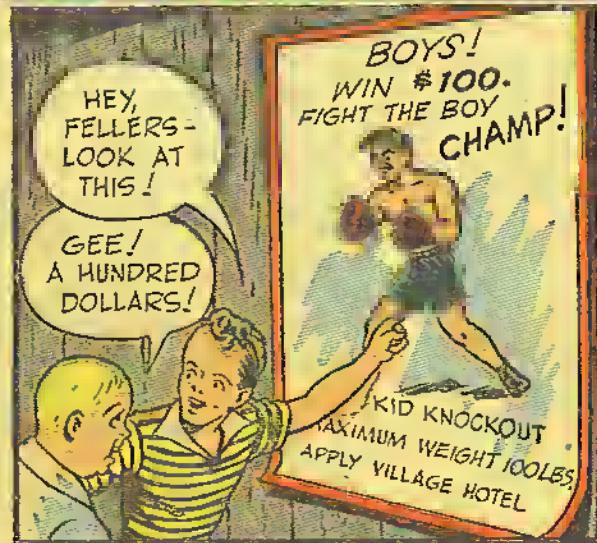
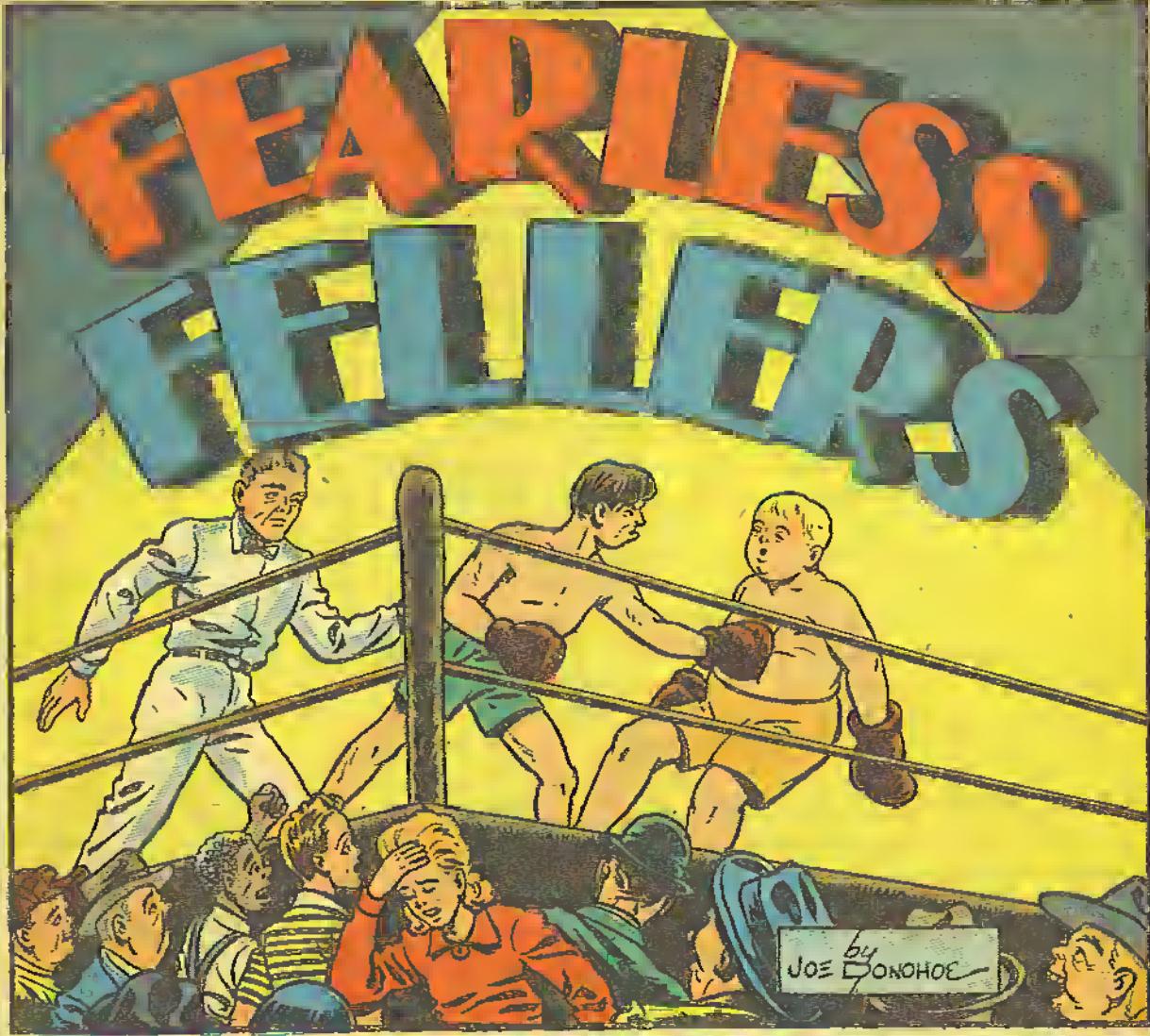
Chief Murphy continued where Reverend Miller had stopped: "We couldn't let our hero with a congressional medal and a purple heart even let himself in for suspicion. Now it's all right." He hesitated, then asked, "Where in heaven's name were you anyway?"

Jimmy chirped: "He was sort of taking a ride on a train."

Outside Tom and Jimmy walked toward home. They were silent and yet felt strangely close.

Finally Tom said: "I was all wrong, Jimmy. I'm glad you caught me. Where but in this old hick town I've been lambasting would everyone from the mayor down run all over the place trying to keep me from making a fool of myself?"

THE END



**A** T THE VILLAGE HOTEL--

SO, YOU WANT TO  
FIGHT KID KNOCKOUT--  
OKAY, FATTY-- BE  
AT THE ARENA AT  
EIGHT O'CLOCK--

YES, SIR!  
I'LL KNOCK  
HIM OUT IN  
THE FIRST  
ROUND! HAVE  
THE MONEY  
READY!

**N** KID KNOCKOUT'S ROOM--

- AN' HES GONNA  
K.O. YOU IN THE  
FIRST-- HE SAYS!

HA! HA!

THAT'S A  
HOT ONE!

NO ONE'LL KNOW THAT  
YOU'RE A MIDGET!  
THE BOY CHAMP--  
THIRTY YEARS OLD!  
**OW!** YOU HURT!

YOU SURE  
GOT BRAINS,  
GILCH! WE'LL  
CLEAN UP  
TONIGHT!

**T**HAT NIGHT!

DON'T BE NERVOUS--  
THE KID'S FIGHTING  
ANOTHER GUY FIRST--  
YOU'RE NEXT!

WHO'S  
NERVOUS?  
LEAD ME  
TO HIM!

INTRO-DUCIN' SOCKSY BILL--  
FIRST CONTENDER AGAINST  
KID KNOCKOUT!

HE'LL  
MOIDER  
THE KID!

**B**UT--TWO MINUTES LATER!

HOLY  
SMOKE!

TWEET-  
TWEET!

G-GOSH-- M-MAYBE  
HE CAN F-FIGHT!

AW, THAT  
WAS AN  
ACCIDENT-

**Q** No. 6. In boxing, how long is a round?

**T**HE BETTING SOARS--

DIS KID CAN FIGHT--  
I'LL BET A HUNDRED  
DOLLARS ON THE  
NEXT BOUT!

I'LL BET  
TWO HUNDRED!  
YOU'RE  
ON!

**I**NTR-O-DUCIN'  
BATTLIN' PUDGE  
CLAYTON!

PHOOEY!  
SEND HIM  
HOME!

**S**TEVE HOLLOWAY, NOTED  
SPORTS ANNOUNCER--

-ANOTHER HARD RIGHT  
TO PUDGE'S CHIN--AND  
ANOTHER! PUDGE IS  
IN TROUBLE! AH, HE'S  
SAVED BY THE BELL!

W-WHEW! CAN'T WE  
CALL IT OFF? WHAT'S  
A HUNDRED DOLLARS?  
I CAN'T GET UP  
ANY MORE!

YOU'VE  
GOT TO!  
THERE'S  
THE GONG!

BOY! HE SURE  
POPPED UP!

OW!

LOOKS LIKE THE END,  
FOLKS! THE KID'S  
DISHING IT OUT AGAIN!  
PUDGE IS WOBBLY--  
HE CAN'T CONNECT--  
AGAIN HE SWINGS  
WILDLY AND--AND--

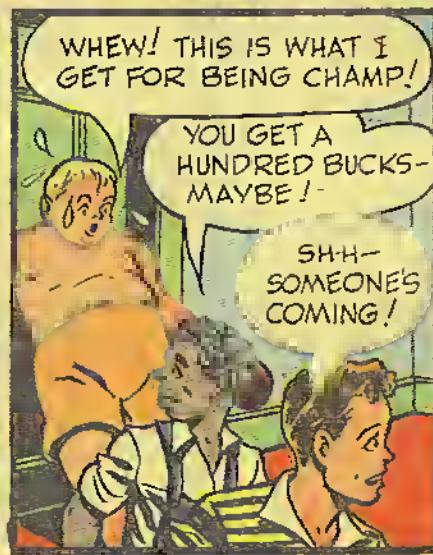
-- CONNECTS!

BOO  
BOO  
BOO  
BOO  
GOSH! I  
HIT HIM!

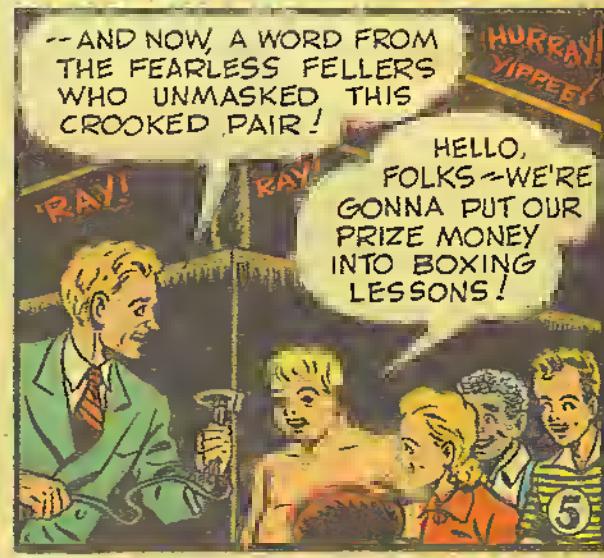
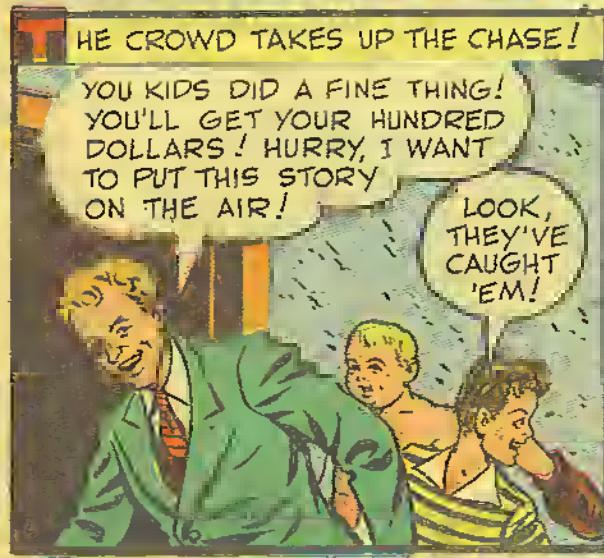
THE CROWD DOESN'T  
LIKE ME--

WHY SHOULD  
THEY? THEY  
BET ON THE  
KID--

**A** NO. 6. A boxing round lasts three minutes.



Q No. 7. What piece of jewelry names the sites where baseball and boxing take place?



POWERFUL—ACCURATE—FUN—INDOORS—OUTDOORS—SUMMER—WINTER—TARGET SHOOTING—HUNTING

3  
IN 1

AIR PISTOL

Rush Your  
Order

Sensational  
Value!

Sorry,  
No  
C.O.D.'s  
At These  
Cash  
Prices

Fine  
For  
Hunting

BB's. Regular Package, 3 packages for.....  
.177 PELLETS. 500 for.....

125 STEEL DARTS. Per package.....  
\$1.50 PAPER TARGETS.....

HOLSTER. Each.....  
50c

JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, Dept. B—215 Detroit 7, Michigan AMERICA'S LEADING NOVELTY  
HOUSE FOR 38 YEARS



AT LAST—AN AIR PISTOL AT A LOW PRICE.  
Sensational offer for those who want the thrill of shooting a real AIR PISTOL either INDOORS or OUTDOORS. A great gun that will give you hours and hours of fun.

Shoots  
BB's  
Darts  
Pellets

### SPORTSMAN JR. AIR PISTOL

IT SHOOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.

Ruggedly Built, Full Size Gun; Modeled After Famous Target Pistol.

A beauty in looks and a wonder in performance. Has fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from the large air chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Has non-slip moulded grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 8 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/2 INCHES DEEP, WEIGHTS 4 1/2 OUNCES. Silent shooting—Economical to Operate. Order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. We ship anywhere. Sorry, No C.O.D. Orders at these cash prices.

SPORTSMAN JR. 3-in-1 AIR PISTOL ONLY \$3.49 EACH; 3 for \$9.50

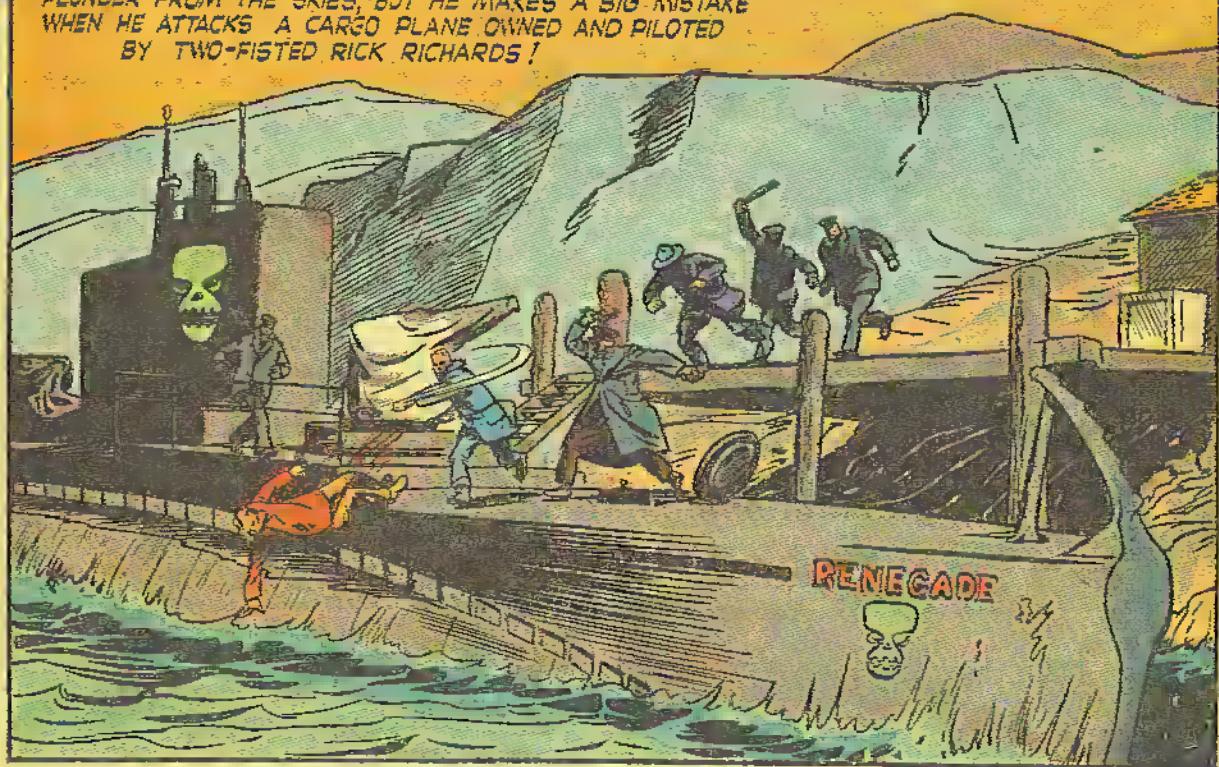
BB's. Regular Package, 3 packages for.....  
.177 PELLETS. 500 for.....  
125 STEEL DARTS. Per package.....  
\$1.50 PAPER TARGETS.....

HOLSTER. Each.....  
50c



# RICK RICHARDS

**A** SINISTER NEW-STYLE PIRATE CLEVERLY USES THE IMPLEMENTS OF MODERN WARFARE TO PLUCK PLUNDER FROM THE SKIES, BUT HE MAKES A BIG MISTAKE WHEN HE ATTACKS A CARGO PLANE OWNED AND PILOTED BY TWO-FISTED RICK RICHARDS!



**A** GIANT CARGO PLANE CARRYING ONLY RICK RICHARDS AND A CANADIAN MOUNTIE HUGH FORT, ROARS TOWARD A DESERTED ISLAND OFF LABRADOR.

THREE OF MY CARGO PLANES HAVE CRACKED UP ON THIS ISLAND, FORT. THAT'S THREE TOO MANY!

IT'S BAFFLING, RICHARDS! OUR MEN COULDN'T DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THE CRASHES--NOR FIND A TRACE OF THE CARGOES, EITHER!



THOSE CARGOES WERE WORTH A FORTUNE! SOMEBODY WALKED OFF WITH 'EM!

YES, BUT HOW? THE COAST GUARD PATROL BOATS ARE SURE NEITHER SHIPS NOR PLANES HAVE VISITED THIS ISLAND!

LOOK!! THE ALTIMETER IS HOPPING! EVERY READING ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL HAS GONE HAYWIRE!

THE RADAR IS ACTING UP, TOO!

GREAT SCOTT! WE CAN'T FLY BLIND THROUGH CLOUDS WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS!

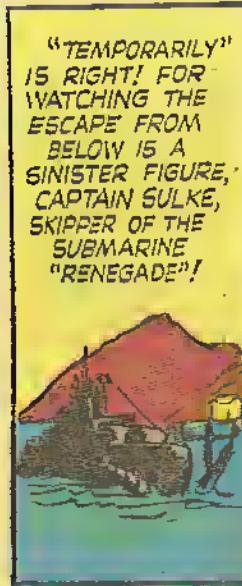
WOW! LOOKS LIKE A GLACIER LOOMING UP AHEAD! IT'S TOO CLOSE TO AVOID IT! WE'VE GOT TO HIT THE SILK, BUT FAST!



RICK LANDS SAFELY ON THE GLACIER.

FORT LANDED FURTHER UP, WHERE THE PLANE CRASHED. HOPE HE'S OKAY!





QUICK! SPREAD FISH NETS  
IN THEIR PATH!



Thus THE DANGEROUS SLIDE DOWN THE GLACIER ENDS ONLY  
IN CAPTURE!

BY GEORGE!  
WHAT'S ALL THIS?



CAPTAIN SULKE? AREN'T YOU THE SUB COMMANDER WHO WAS COURT-MARTIALED FOR TREACHERY?



PIRACY!  
ARE YOU  
MAD?

NOT AT ALL. MY  
NEW BRAND OF  
PIRACY IS BOTH  
SAFE AND  
PROFITABLE, AS  
YOU SHALL LEARN--  
BEFORE YOU DIE!

CORRECT! I ESCAPED FROM PRISON!  
THE SUB WAS BEING SOLD FOR SCRAP!  
I BOUGHT IT AND OUTFITTED IT FOR  
PIRACY!



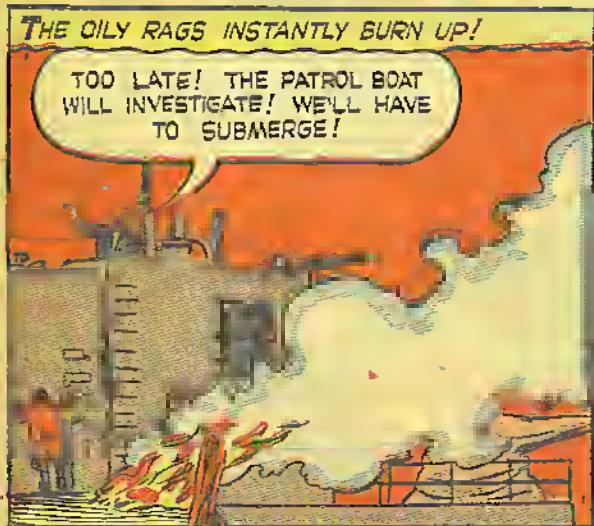
CAPTAIN, THAT  
COAST GUARD BOAT  
IS CIRCLING  
THE ISLAND AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY,  
THEY CAN'T SEE  
US IN THIS  
HARBOR. BRING  
THOSE TWO  
ABOARD!

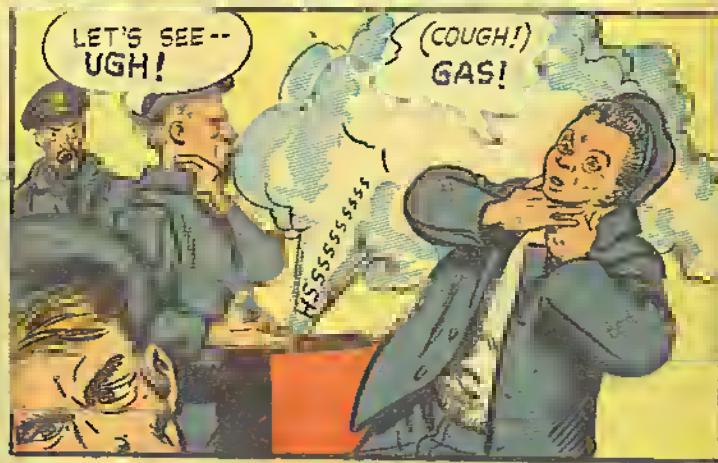
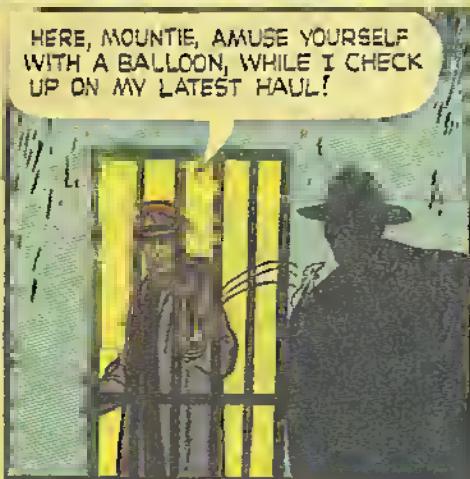
HMM -- IF I COULD  
LIGHT THAT HEAP OF  
OILY RAGS, THE SMOKE  
WOULD ATTRACT  
THE COAST GUARD!



A No. 9. A glacier is a huge body of ice moving slowly down a mountain or valley.



Q No. 10. What branch of the armed service has the motto "Always Prepared"?



**A**

MOMENT LATER...

IT'S ABSURD,  
BUT--

HERE  
GOES!

**R**

RICK'S STRANGE ADRENAL GLANDS REACT TO  
SHARP NOISES BY FLOODING HIM WITH  
GREAT STRENGTH!

LUCKY WE'RE UP AT THIS END!  
THE GAS IS COMING, AND I'M  
GOING!

I ESCAPED THE FIRST  
BLAST, RICHARDS, BUT YOU  
WON'T ESCAPE THIS ONE!

HURRY--  
(COUGH)  
RICHARDS!

**BANG!**

HERE, WE'RE IN COMMAND  
NOW! EVERYBODY ELSE IS OUT  
COLD!

SOON...

GREAT SCOTT!  
A SUB!!

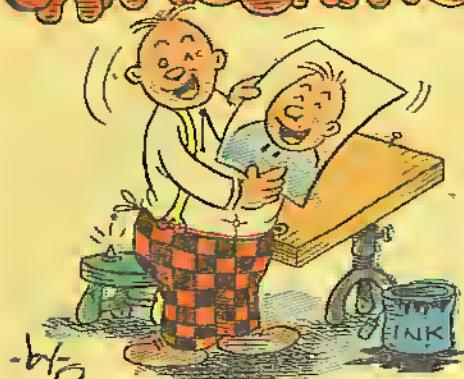
CON  
S  
P  
D

RICK TURNS OVER HIS PRISONERS!

THEY ALL REVIVED,  
FORTUNATELY. THEY'LL  
BE IN GOOD SHAPE  
FOR THE ROCK PILE!

ANY MAN  
WHO TRIES TO  
STEAL THE  
RICHARDS  
MILLIONS  
IS MAKING  
MONEY THE  
HARD WAY!

# EASY CARTOONING



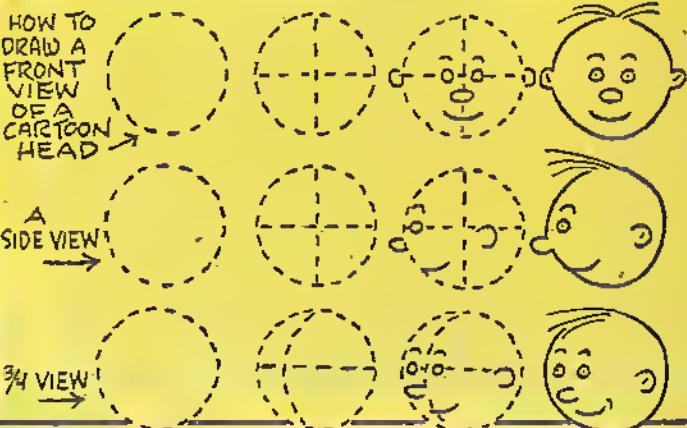
by  
MIKE HAMMER

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE JOINED OUR CARTOONING CLASSES FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY, HERE'S WHAT WE HAVE HAD IN THE PAST TWO LESSONS...

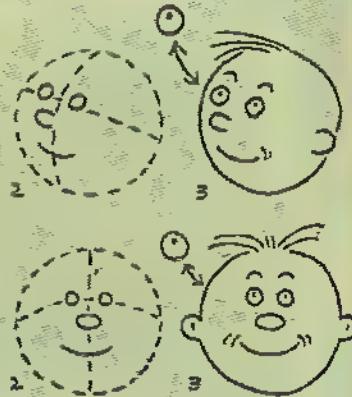
HOW TO  
DRAW A  
FRONT  
VIEW  
OF A  
CARTOON  
HEAD

A  
SIDE  
VIEW

3/4 VIEW



A  
N EASY WAY TO DRAW THE  
HEAD LOOKING UP...



ALWAYS DRAW YOUR GUIDE LINES  
FIRST IN LIGHT PENCIL...

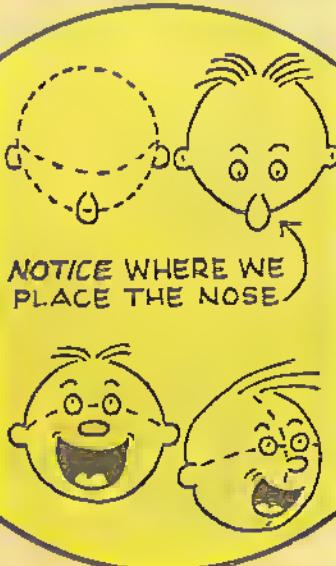
LOOKING UP AT AN AIRPLANE...



SEE HOW EASY IT IS WHEN WE  
USE OUR FREE HAND CIRCLE FIRST...



LOOKING DOWN-FINDING A DOLLAR...



NOTICE WHERE WE  
PLACE THE NOSE

B  
EFORE GOING TO OUR NEXT LESSON-  
HERE'S A LITTLE CARTOON TEST  
THAT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TRY.  
THEN, AFTER COMPLETING IT, SEND IT  
TO ME IN CARE OF THIS  
MAGAZINE, ALONG WITH A SELF-ADDRESSED  
STAMPED ENVELOPE AND I WILL LOOK  
YOUR EFFORTS OVER AND SEND THEM  
BACK TO YOU WITH CORRECTIONS,  
IF NEEDED....

- 1-DRAW 5 FREE HAND CIRCLES.
- 2-DRAW 4 FRONT VIEW HEADS.
- 3-DRAW 2 SIDE VIEWS OF THE HEAD.
- 4-DRAW 3  $\frac{3}{4}$  VIEW HEADS.

MAKE ALL OF THE DRAWINGS IN  
PENCIL ON WHITE PAPER--  
NO INK!!

A  
PREVIEW  
OF OUR  
NEXT  
LESSON--



ALL ABOUT  
EXPRESSIONS  
NEXT TIME..  
GOOD LUCK!

# Sergeant Spook

"THE KNIGHT OF TERROR"

THE SARGE--A LATE POLICEMAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS SPIRIT! CROOKS CAN'T SEE HIM, BUT THEY CAN FEEL HIS WALLOP.

GOTTA SAVE JERRY. WILL I BE IN TIME?

EVEN THE GHOSTLY AND INVISIBLE POWERS OF SERGEANT SPOOK ARE STRAINED TO THE UTMOST WHEN JERRY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE KNIGHT OF TERROR!

JERRY, THE ONLY HUMAN BEING WHO CAN SEE SERGEANT SPOOK. WOTTA CRIME-FIGHTING TEAM!

DRAWN BY  
HARRY ZEE HORN AH-

JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK REST A MOMENT IN THE PARK.

WOW! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW RIDE!

THAT'S LANCELOT CASHMORE, ONE OF THE BEST HORSE-MEN IN TOWN!

BEHIND A BUSH NEAR-BY.

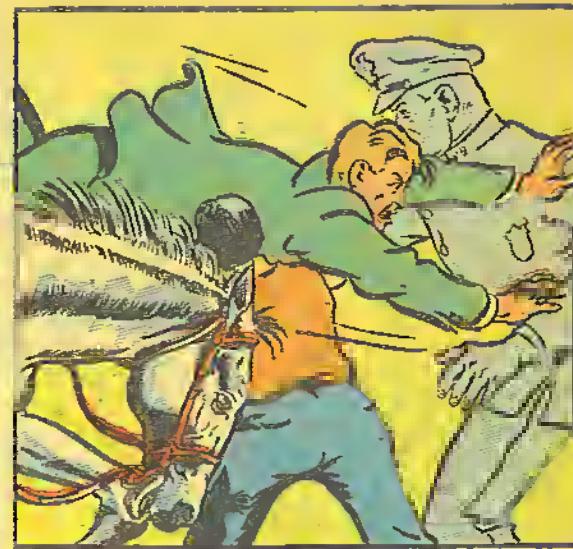
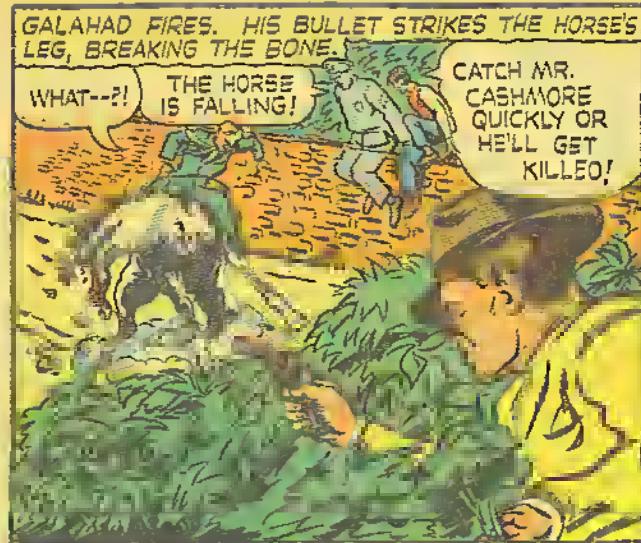
WHEN THE HORSE FALLS, MY GOODY-GOODY BROTHER WILL BE THROWN AGAINST THAT STONE WALL, AND IT WILL SEEM LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

Q No. 11. In which of his poems does Tennyson tell the story of Lancelot and Elaine?

GALAHAD FIRES. HIS BULLET STRIKES THE HORSE'S LEG, BREAKING THE BONE.

WHAT--? THE HORSE IS FALLING!

CATCH MR. CASHMORE QUICKLY OR HE'LL GET KILLED!



YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT ALL BY YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T--AH, THAT IS--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



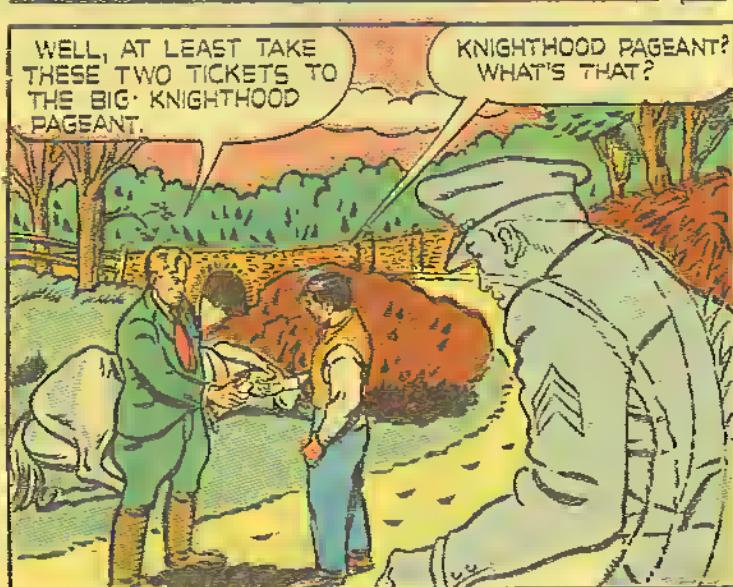
YES, I'M O.K. BUT MY POOR HORSE MUST'VE BROKEN A LEG! I MUST REWARD YOU FOR SAVING ME!

AW, I COULDN'T TAKE A REWARD.



WELL, AT LEAST TAKE THESE TWO TICKETS TO THE BIG KNIGHTHOOD PAGEANT.

KNIGHTHOOD PAGEANT? WHAT'S THAT?



EVERY YEAR MY FATHER, A STUDENT OF CHIVALRY, PUTS ON A BIG JOUSTING TOURNAMENT JUST LIKE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, WITH KNIGHTS AND EVERYTHING. YOU'LL LIKE IT!





Q No. 12. Who sought and eventually found The Holy Grail?

HMM--IF I CAN SPEAR MY BROTHER AND  
KILL HIM, IT'D LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT--  
THEN I'D INHERIT ALL THE OLD MAN'S  
DOUGH. HE CAN'T LIVE FOREVER!

WHAT  
A RAT!

SPOOK REPORTS TO JERRY--

SO I THINK WE'D  
BETTER VISIT KING  
ARTHUR IN GHOST  
TOWN.

SWELL  
IDEA,  
SPOOK!

SPOOK'S AMAZING POWERS TRANSPORT HIM AND  
JERRY TO GHOST TOWN.

...AND SO, KING  
ARTHUR, SOME TIPS  
ON JOUSTING MIGHT  
PREVENT A  
MURDER!

MY  
NAME-  
SAKE  
SHALL  
NOT  
DIE!

I'LL GLADLY  
INSTRUCT  
THE  
LAD,  
SERGEANT!

OH, TO  
THINK  
THAT  
MY  
NAME-  
SAKE  
IS SUCH  
A VARLET!

SOON--

HERE I  
COME, SIR!

HAVE AT ME, LAD. I'LL  
SHOW YE HOW TO  
PARRY A THRUST!

48

BEHOLD, LAD, I HAVE  
DISARMED YE!

WOW!

AFTER THE LESSON--

REMEMBER,  
JERRY, GRIP  
THY SPEAR  
THUS.

KEEP THY  
SHIELD UP!  
THANKS  
FOR COACHING  
JERRY. WE'VE GOT  
TO HURRY BACK  
NOW!

## THE NIGHT OF THE PAGEANT

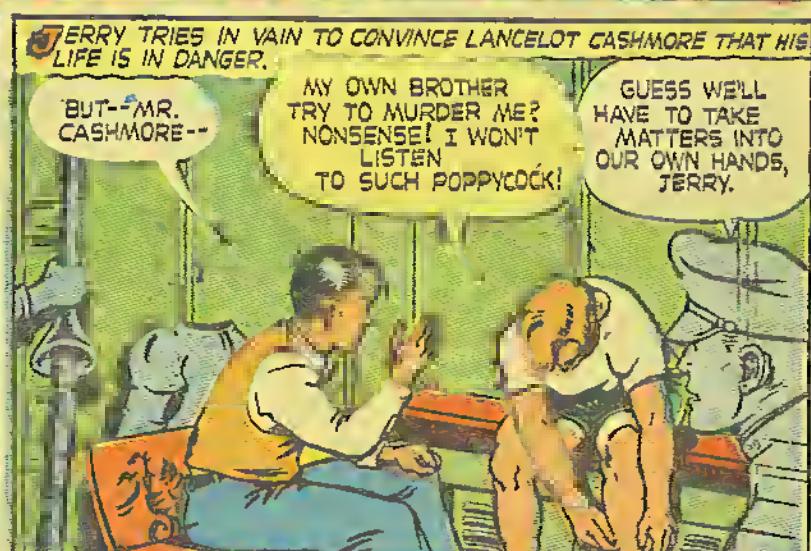
NOW TO FIND LANCELOT CASHMORE,  
SO YOU CAN PASS ALONG KING ARTHUR'S  
TIPS ON JOUSTING!

YES, HE'LL BE O.K.  
IF HE KNOWS HOW  
TO PROTECT  
HIMSELF!

CIVIC STADIUM  
TODAY KNIGHTHOOD PA  
AUSPICES OF H.T. CASHMORE

HERE ARE THE  
TICKETS FOR ME  
AND MY FRIEND.

YOU AND YOUR  
FRIEND? I DON'T  
SEE ANYBODY.  
AM I NUTS?



Q <sub>Page 12</sub> In what century did King Arthur supposedly reign?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ADJOINING DRESSING ROOM ---

JUST TO MAKE SURE MY DEAR BROTHER CAN'T DEFEND HIMSELF, I'LL FIX HIS SPEAR.



YOU SURE LOOK LIKE A KNIGHT, JERRY. IS THAT A REAL COAT OF MAIL?

NO, JUST A SHINY IMITATION. A SPEAR COULD GO RIGHT THROUGH IT.



THE JOUST BEGINS ---

BY THE TIME MY STUPID BROTHER FINDS OUT THIS ISN'T IN FUN, THE CASHMORE INHERITANCE WILL BE MINE.



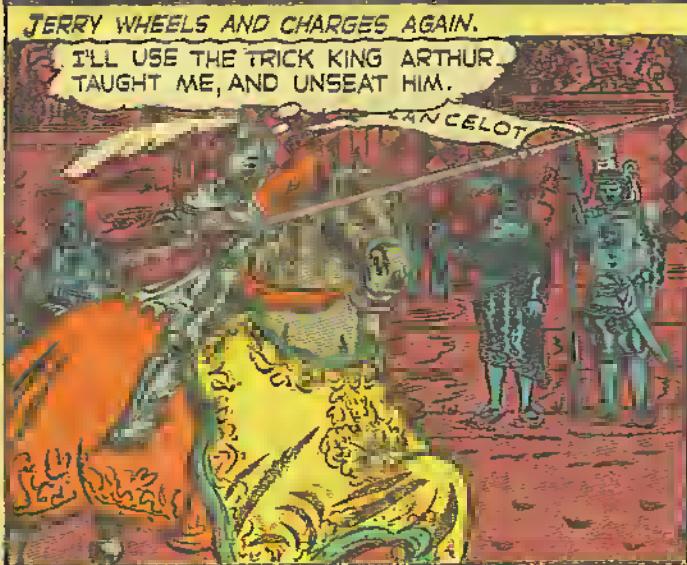
THE LESSONS FROM KING ARTHUR, GREATEST KING OF ALL, HELP JERRY IN HIS BATTLE.

CURSES! HE PARRIED MY THRUST!



JERRY WHEELS AND CHARGES AGAIN.

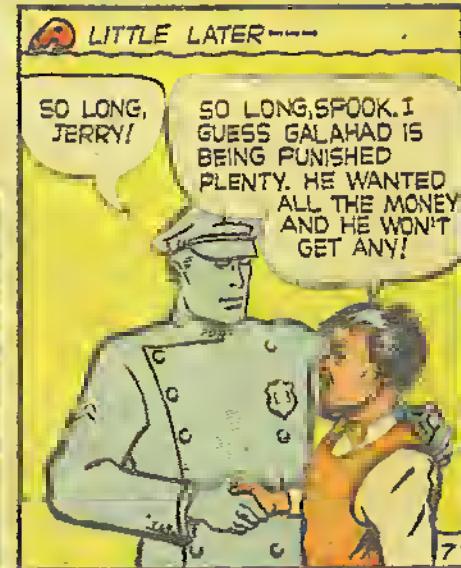
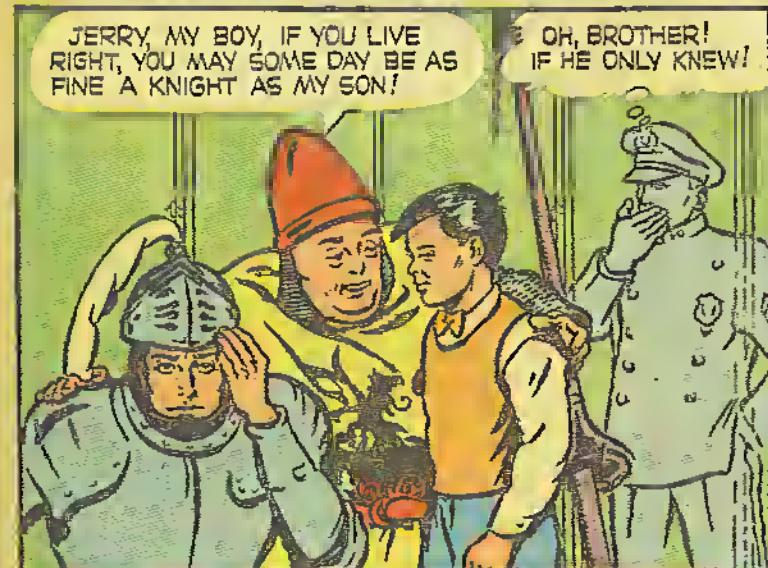
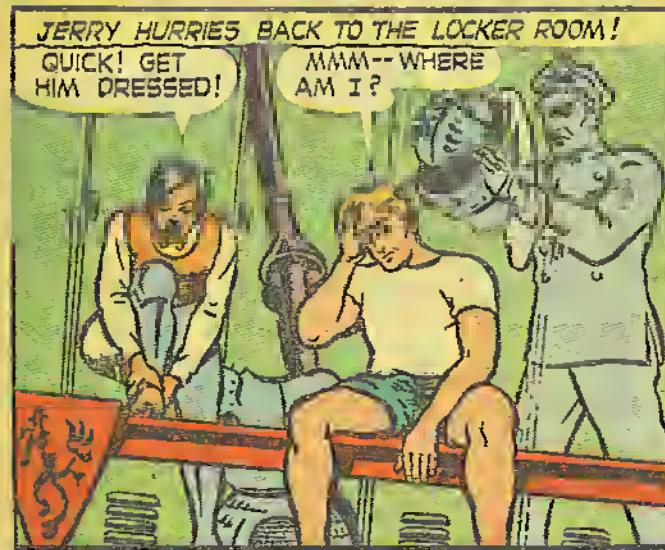
I'LL USE THE TRICK KING ARTHUR TAUGHT ME, AND UNSEAT HIM.



HA! NOW YOU DIE, BROTHER.

MY SPEAR IS BROKEN. HE'LL GET ME NOW.





Q No. 14. What is a synonym for chivalry?

# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

How  
DID THE DARING  
PILOT FOR *GLIMPSES*,  
THE PICTURE MAGAZINE,  
GET THE NAME OF  
BLUE BOLT?

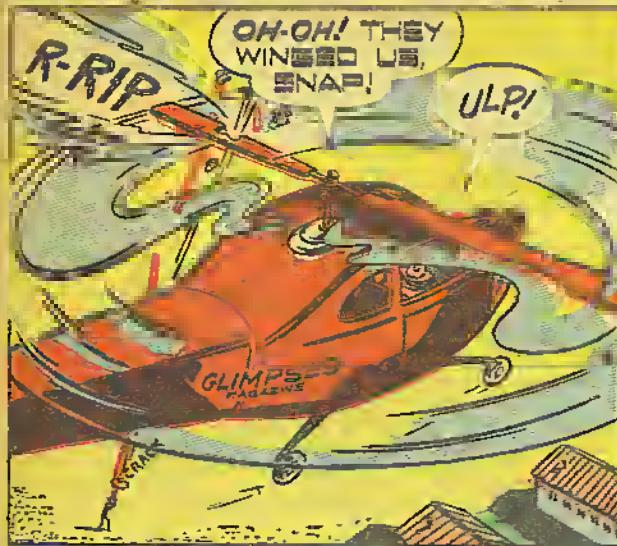
WELL,  
THAT STORY  
BEGINS  
WITH

A  
BANG!

WITH PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP  
DOODLE, BLUE BOLT COVERS  
A SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION!

THE REBELS ARE  
HOLED UP IN THIS FORT.  
SNAP, I'LL BUZZ IT SO  
YOU CAN GET PIX!

HEY!  
THEY'RE  
FIRING  
AT US!



Q No. 15. How many years did the American Revolution last?

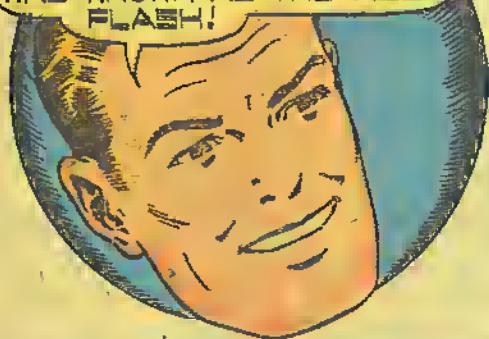
STAY IN THESE  
AREA, PRISONERS!

BLUE  
BOLT!

FLOSSINI!!



WHEN I WAS IN MY TEENS, I  
JOINED FLOSSINI IN A CIRCUS  
ACT AND EVEN TOURED THIS  
COUNTRY. WE WERE BOTH SHOT  
OUT OF A CANNON! HE ZIPPED  
OUT OF THE RED BARREL AND  
WAS KNOWN AS THE RED  
FLASH!

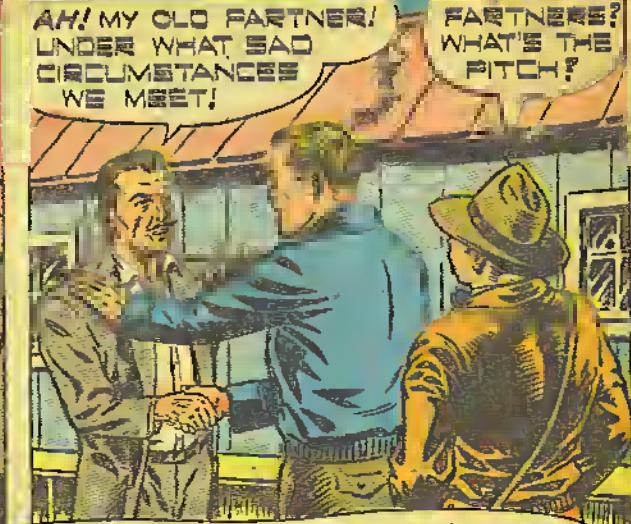


THOSE WERE THE HAPPY  
DAYS...BUT THIS IS THE GRIM  
ENDING! AT DAWN THOSE MU-  
DEROUS REBELS WILL KILL  
US ALL!



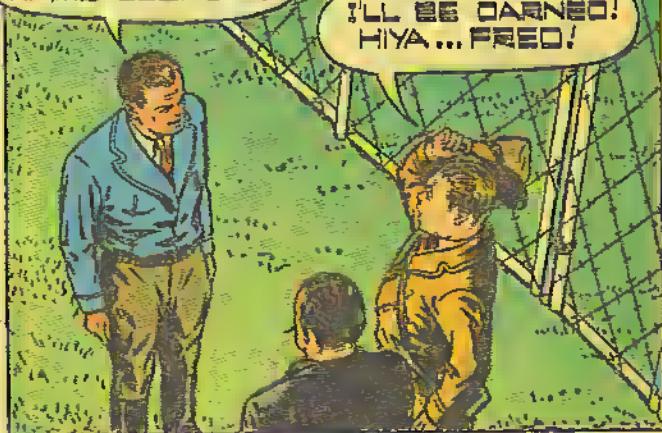
AH! MY OLD PARTNER!  
UNDER WHAT SAD  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
WE MEET!

PARTNERS?  
WHAT'S THE  
PITCH?



I CAME OUT OF THE BLUE BARREL,  
THAT'S WHY I HAD MY NAME CHANGED  
FROM FRED BOLT TO BLUE BOLT!  
ACTUALLY, I CAN USE EITHER  
NAME LEGALLY!

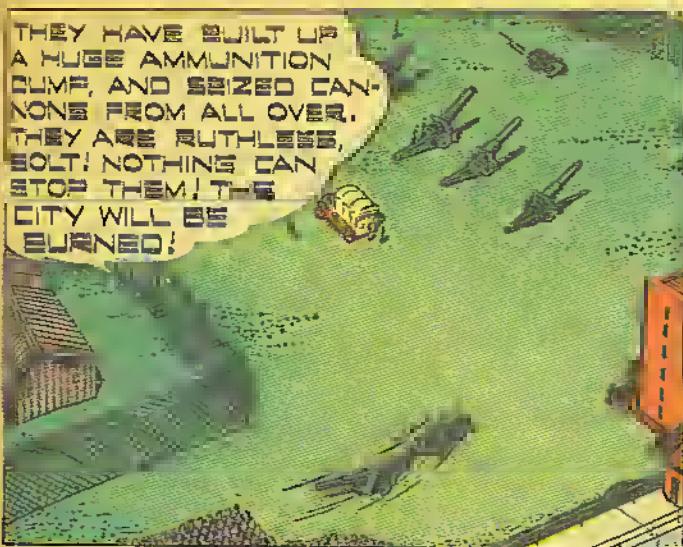
I'LL BE DARNED!  
HIYA... FRED!



BUT FIRST THEY COMMIT  
AN EVEN WORSE CRIME!  
THIS FORT OVERLOOKS MY  
COUNTRY'S CAPITAL, THE  
REBELS MEAN TO BLAST  
THAT GREAT CITY TO BITS,  
KILLING THOUSANDS OF  
INNOCENT PEOPLE!



THEY HAVE BUILT UP  
A HUGE AMMUNITION  
DUMP, AND SEIZED CAN-  
NON FROM ALL OVER.  
THEY ARE RUTHLESS,  
BOLD! NOTHING CAN  
STOP THEM! THE  
CITY WILL BE  
BURNED!



WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE  
AND PREVENT THIS  
SLAUGHTER... — CHANCE  
OF SCALING  
BUT HOW? — THOSE WALLS  
TOO HIGH!



AH! IF ONLY WE  
HAD OUR OLD  
TRICK CANNON...

LOOK!



OUR CANNON! THE  
IDIOTS HAVE  
SEIZED  
THAT, TOO!

WHAT A BREAK!



C'MON, PLASSINI!  
LET'S GO INTO  
OUR ACT!

STOP!



OUT OF  
THE WAY,  
CHUM!

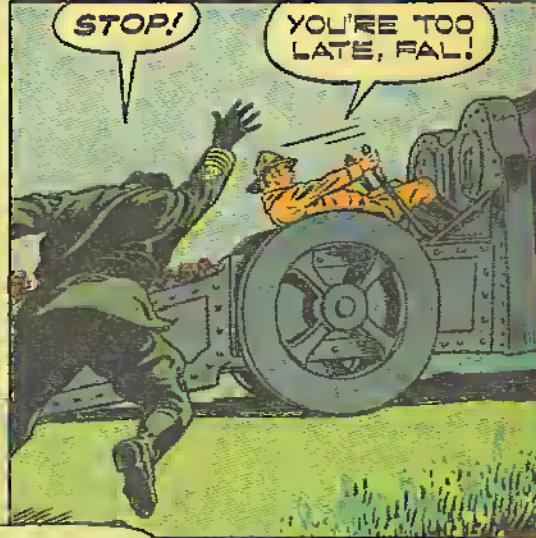
SOC!



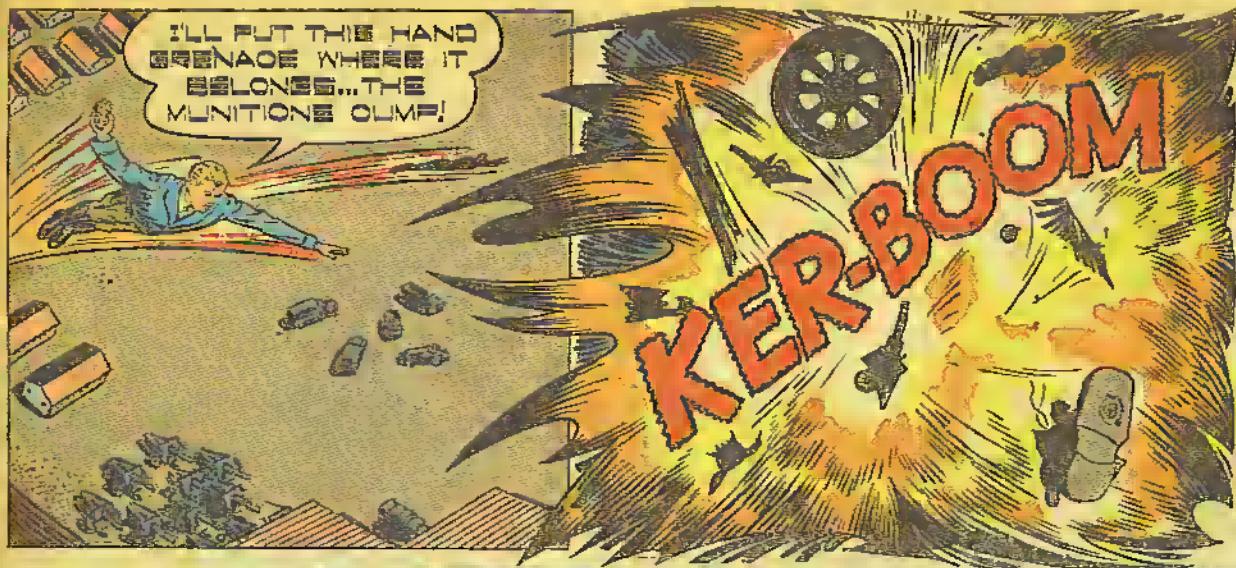
Q No. 16. What word on this page, minus an "s", has a completely changed meaning?



TAKING THE REBELS BY SURPRISE, BOLT AND FASSINI SCAMPER UP THE CANNON AND DESCEND INTO ITS BARRELS!



A No. 16. Slaughter, minus "s", reads laughter.



# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!

CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD" ... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

**U.S.  
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science

# BLUEBOLTS AND NYS

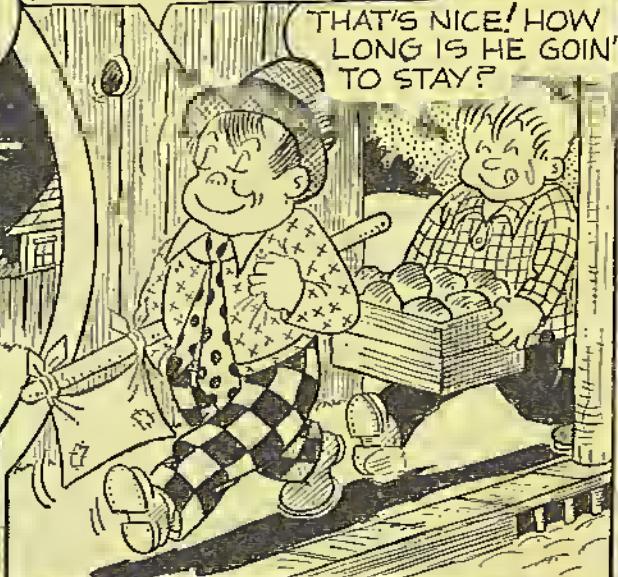
REMEMBER-THE  
EARLY BIRD  
ALWAYS GETS  
THE WORM!!

MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT  
GRANDPA CAME OVER  
ON THE MAYFLOWER!!

POOF!

WELL, HE'S  
WELCOME TO  
IT!!!

THAT'S NICE! HOW  
LONG IS HE GOIN'  
TO STAY?



HERE'S A GUY WHO  
LOCKED HIS FATHER  
IN AN ICEBOX!!

GEE-HOW DID YOU EVER  
GET FRECKLES ON YOUR  
TONGUE, HUH?

TCH!  
TCH!

WHAT DID HE  
WANT-COLD  
POP?

FROM EATIN' SWISS  
CHEESE IN THE  
SUN!!!



MILT DAMMER

TEE  
HEE!



# NEW DIRECT MAIL PLAN SAVES YOU BIG MONEY!

DE LUXE QUALITY SCOTCH PLAID

## DeLuxe AUTO SEAT COVERS

Slips on  
in a Jiffy! . . . fits  
most Cars!

### Check These QUALITY Features

- ★ Colorful, Water Repellent Scotch Plaid Face
- ★ Each Cover Has Reinforced Points of greatest strain
- ★ Designed slip-on style for easy, smooth fit
- ★ Heavily quilted seam for extra long wear

STYLE SA  
4-door sedan  
with 1-pc. seats  
and backs.



STYLE SB  
2-door sedan  
with split back.  
1-pc. seat.



STYLE SC  
2-door sedan  
with separate  
seats.

STYLE CA  
Coupe with  
1-pc. back.

STYLE CC  
Coupe with  
2-pc. back.

### HOW TO ORDER SEAT COVERS

Referring to your license card,  
list the make, year,  
and model of your car.  
Also give model number, body type.  
Also state seat style of your car  
as shown in illustrations at left.  
Put all information in coupon below  
and MAIL TODAY!

*Ask the Man  
Who Owns One!  
Over 50,000  
Satisfied Users!*

### SPECIAL! FOR CAR OWNERS WHO APPRECIATE THE REALLY GOOD THINGS IN LIFE!



COVERS ENTIRE BACK  
OF  
FRONT  
SEAT

SOLD ONLY BY MAIL  
Order Direct and Save

SEND NO MONEY

Pay postman price of covers ordered plus postage or send cash and we pay postage. If not completely delighted return to us within 5 days for refund under our "you must be pleased" or your money-back guarantee!

An out-of-this-world bargain in  
Super-Fit, Easy-To-Install

### Custom Quality Seat Covers

- ★ Superb Materials
- ★ Skilled Craftsmanship
- ★ Luxurious Beauty
- ★ Long-life Durability

Coupe and  
Front Seats  
\$6.50

Sedan and  
Coachers  
Complete Set  
\$9.95

AMERICAN MERCHANTISING CO., Dept. PSC-47

9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Ala.

Price in Canada add 50c.

Hi. C.O.D. 10%

Enclose with me the following Seat Covers checked below:

DeLuxe Quality front seat \$3.75

DeLuxe Quality complete set \$8.75

Custom Quality front seat \$5.00

Custom Quality complete set 11.75

MAKE \_\_\_\_\_ YEAR \_\_\_\_\_ MODEL \_\_\_\_\_

Body Type \_\_\_\_\_ Select Style  Style SA  Style SB  Style SC  Style CA  Style CC

Check  I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Ship postage.

Or  Ship C.O.D. in payment \$ \_\_\_\_\_ plus postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Never Before At Such An Amazing Low Price!

## BATTERY Modernair RADIO

★ Long Life  
BATTERY  
OPERATION

★ Costs Less Than 1c  
Per Hour to Operate!

★ Powerful  
VACUUM TUBE  
RECEPTION



Included  
AT NO EXTRA COST

22 1/2 VOLT "B" BATTERY  
approximately 200 hours of playing time  
1 1/2 VOLT "A" BATTERY

\$6.95  
For Only

Complete  
Kit To Play

USE IT  
ANYWHERE



### The Magic Of Radio In The Palm Of Your Hand!

Yes, it's here at last . . . Radio's mighty postwar battery midget . . . at an almost unbelievable low price! Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 100 miles away. Once you hear it play you'll agree that this battery midget radio at only \$6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, astounding as it may sound, we will send you

Modernair battery radio complete with personal earphone, powerful receiving tube and two batteries for only \$6.95. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee immediate delivery only if you ACT NOW!

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed in writing for one full year against defective workmanship and material.

### CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- ★ Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- ★ Patented Compression-Type Condenser.
- ★ Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- ★ Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- ★ Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- ★ Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- ★ Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- ★ Superb Reception 540 to 1600 Kilocycles.
- ★ Biased Reception 540 to 1600 Kilocycles.

Merely clip this ad and mail it today. Then pay postman only \$6.95 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Order yours TODAY.